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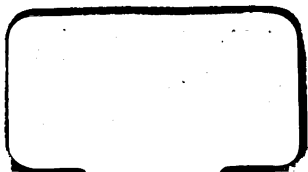
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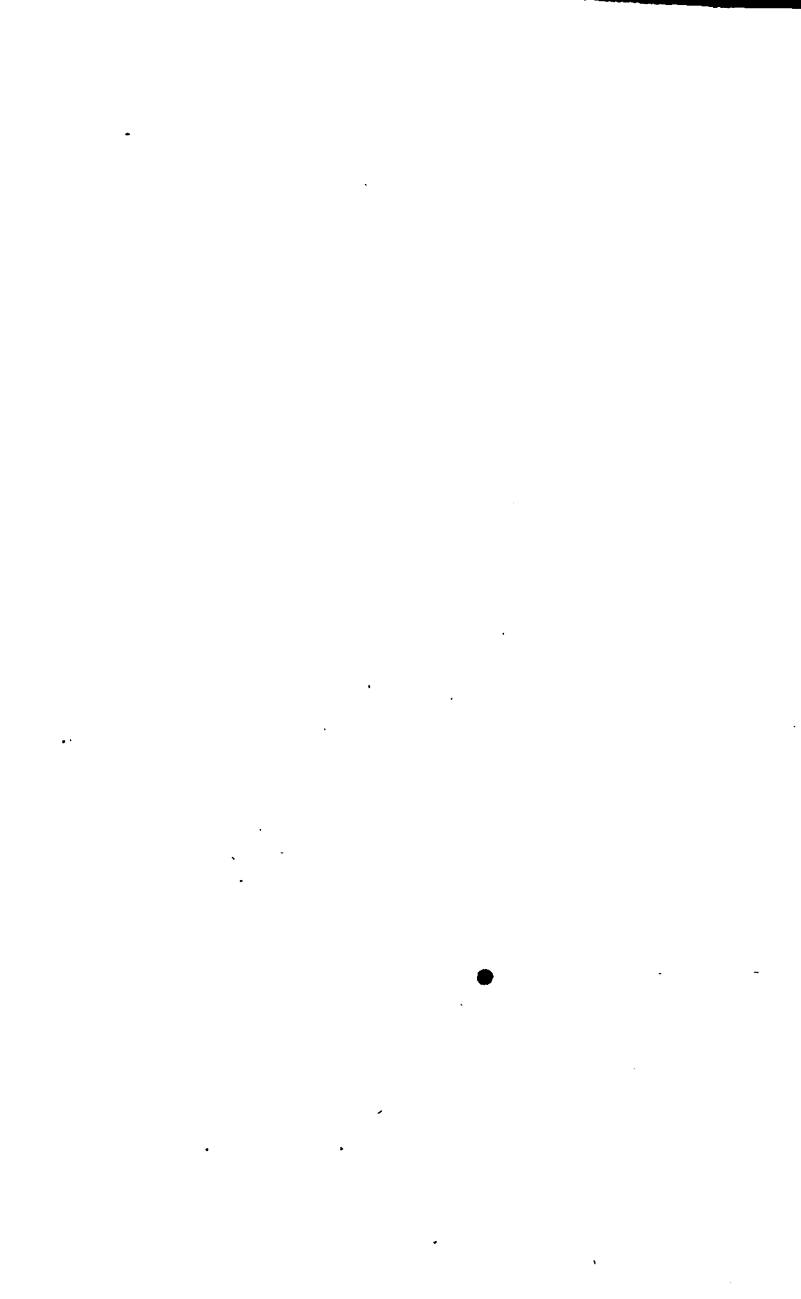


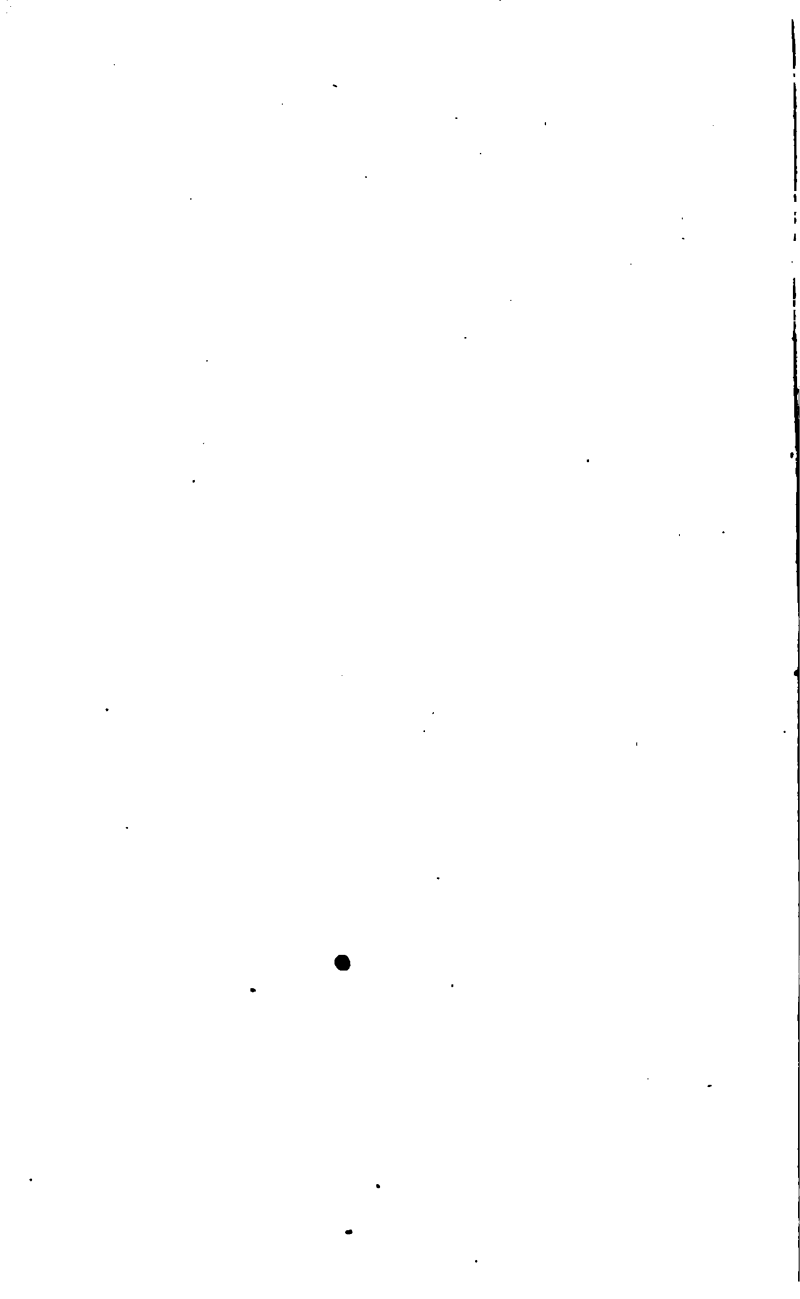
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**JOHN DE LANCASTER.**

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**VOLUME II.**





# JOHN DE LANCASTER.

A NOVEL.

BY

*RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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# JOHN DE LANCASTER.

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## BOOK THE FIRST.

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### CHAPTER I.

*The Experiment, as resolved upon by Mr.  
Philip De Lancaster, is made.*

WHEN Philip's confidential interview with Colonel Wilson was concluded, he directly bent his course to the chamber of David Williams. It was a station equally well adapted to the studies of the poet, the astronomer or the musician, for it was in the high road to the stars, at the very top of the loftiest turret of Kray-Castle, and far enough exalted above every living thing, that grovelled

on the earth. It is to be lamented that the fine prospect it commanded was no recommendation of it to blind David, but the advantages it might have offered to him of inhaling the refreshing breezes in their greatest purity would have compensated in part, had it not so happened, that its only casement was not made to open.

When Philip, whom the love of prospect never could have tempted to ascend this winding staircase, had with infinite pains landed himself in David's airey, the twilight was drawing on, and the sun sinking red towards his chamber in the west. He found the minstrel seated in his only chair with his harp between his knees, and on the table before him his pitcher, which, though of a capacious girth, had been drained of its contents.

Philip having accosted him and made

known his errand in few words, the old man rose from his seat, and stood with his left hand resting on his harp, whilst his right was pressed respectfully on his breast—Be it, he replied, as the son of my patron hath commanded! When David Williams shall hesitate to obey the heir of this castle, and the descendant of the ever-honoured De Lancasters, this heart must have forfeited its duty, and this hand forgotten its accustomed office. Although my brain is even now in travail and only waits the mollifying aid of another jug to bring forth, behold me ready! Speak the word only for my son David to bear my harp, and lead me to the apartment of the lady your spouse, I will incontinently set forward.

Thank you, my old friend, cried Philip! You do it with good will, and that is every thing. But what think you

of the experiment? Do you hold with my father in opinion that by the melody of the harp you can drive the evil spirit out of Mrs. De Lancaster?

Who drove the evil spirit out of Saul, replied the minstrel?

You have said it sure enough, rejoined Philip; but we must proceed cautiously, and not give her too much of it. A short strain, and something in her own way, of the pensive cast—You have the name, the instrument and the art of the royal minstrel, but recollect the peril he was in, and be aware how you proceed too far in stirring up and stimulating the passions.

Thus having said, he departed, whilst the hoary-headed enthusiast seized his harp, and full of the muse called amain for his son to lead him.

Whilst this was passing in the turret,

Cecilia with our young hero had paid an evening visit to Mrs. De Lancaster in her apartment. She was more than fancifully ill, for her sunken eyes and hectic looks too plainly indicated a constitution breaking up. Her spirits however were just now in that kind of nervous flutter, which carries a resemblance to gaiety, and she was more than ordinarily communicative and disposed to talk.

Their conversation turned upon the preparations making for the approaching festival—You will look in upon us I hope, said Cecilia ; and if you apprehend the company will be too much for you, I'll have the latticed gallery in the hall kept private, where nobody will molest you. There will be music, sister, and I flatter myself you have no dislike to that.



None, replied Mrs. De Lancaster, to music, properly so called, but infinite dislike and horror for trumpets and cudgel-playing, and noisy bawling drunkards, who shout over their cups, and rattle them on the table by way of applause: these are generally the accompaniments of a Welch carousal.

You have none such to expect with us, believe me, said Cecilia. We shall not make it a Saint David's day, take my word for it.

No, cried the invalid, one such as I experienced, when this poor thing was hurried into the world, has been one too many, and left me more to struggle with than I shall ever overcome—and here her spirits sunk, and her countenance assumed a melancholy cast, whilst she turned her languid eyes upon her son.

I am sorry to hear you talk thus, the

gentle Cecilia replied: I was in hopes, that now when all the troubles of that time are over, you would have looked back to that day as a day of happiness and comfort. I am persuaded that your son will never give you cause to regret what you suffered for his sake; and now that he is in train to receive an excellent education, what may we not expect from the brilliancy of his talents, and the virtues of his heart?

Yes, yes, she cried with a desponding sigh, I know what I am to expect from the education he will receive. Every thing I dare say they will teach him but humility and that discernment, which might constitute his happiness. He will split upon the rock, that was so fatal to his wretched mother. and they, on whom his destiny depends, will im-

molate another victim to ambitious fortune and the pride of family.

John's ready apprehension caught the words, understood their meaning, and in that instant he resolved to bring them to an explanation, whenever opportunity might favour his design. She had spoken these words with a degree of energy, that apparently exhausted her—Poor fellow, she now said in a faint voice, and reached out her hand, as if inviting him to approach; he sprung from his seat, respectfully received her hand and pressed it to his lips—Am I not to blame, she said, addressing herself to Cecilia, for thus indulging my affection for an object, from whom I must so soon be parted?

No, my dear sister, replied Cecilia; you are only to blame for indulging

those melancholy thoughts. Exert yourself for the recovery of your health and spirits ; seek amusement in the company of your friends, resort to air and exercise in the place of medicine and confinement, and you may live to see all your apprehensions vanish, and your son made happy, (so may Heaven grant it!) to the completion of your warmest wishes.

Ah my kind comforter, said the mother, I know full well that medicine cannot cure my complaints nor exertion restore my spirits. I am sensible it is not worth my while to seek for a recovery any where, for sure enough it is no where to be found ; yet I will acknowledge to you, that unless I were obstinately resolved to devote myself to death, I must not meet another winter in this country. The soft climates of

Lisbon or the South of France may give me a few more weeks; and though I have long ceased from enjoying life, I am not reconciled in my conscience to the neglect of any reasonable means for prolonging it. Besides, as I have all the disposition in the world not to disturb Mr. De Lancaster's repose with certain ceremonials, in which he might think it incumbent on him to take a part, I shall only trouble him to attend upon me to the sea-side, and leave it to other people in another country to follow me to the grave. I perceive myself exactly treading in the steps of my poor mother, and can easily foresee where they will lead me. When she was at my time of life, (as I well recollect,) she was affected just in the same manner as I am. My father talked to her as you talk now to me: he was a kind and

tender husband, which, allow me to observe, was one more comfort in her lot than I have to boast of. She had no child but me, and I was about John's age when I saw her for the last time. She was not in the habit of bestowing any extraordinary caresses upon me, and I seldom was admitted to her, for her spirits did not allow of it. Upon this last meeting however she was extremely kind to me, and the circumstance is the more strongly impressed upon my memory on account of a very singular occurrence, which I can sometimes reflect upon till I fancy myself in her very situation, and hearing the same sounds, as seemed to summon my poor mother to her death-bed.

Of what sort were those sounds? Cecilia asked—Of the most seraphic sort,

Mrs. De Lancaster replied, as she described them ; such as we may conceive the angels to excite, when they waft a soul into bliss.

By one of those extraordinary coincidences, that sometimes occur, it so chanced, that in the very moment, whilst Mrs. De Lancaster, was describing these strains, heard by her mother before death, David Williams, who had planted himself in the adjoining gallery, gave a flourish on his harp. It was not one of those imposing preludes, that are calculated to display the execution of the master ; it was rather meant to invite attention by its melody, than to arrest it by its violence.

Hark ! cried Mrs. De Lancaster ; do you hear those sounds ?—It is only David Williams, Cecilia replied, going to

serenade us. If you wish it to be stopped, I'll tell him—Upon no account, answered the other, I am convinced these things do not happen by chance ; and whether the music is produced by natural or supernatural means, I entreat you not to attempt at interrupting it.

Immediately a symphony was played most exquisitely sweet and melodious : the minstrel never was in a happier moment ; young John in the mean time kept hold of his mother's hand, whilst the strain swelled and sunk at times in cadence so enchanting, as might remind Mrs. De Lancaster of those seraphic airs, which were supposed to have visited her dying mother, especially when the following words were distinctly heard, as the blind minstrel chanted them forth to the accompaniment of his harp.



“What art thou, Death ; that we should fear  
The shadow of a shade ?  
What’s in thy name, that meets the ear,  
Of which to be afraid ?

Thou art not care, thou art not pain,  
But thou art rest and peace :  
’Tis thou can’st make our terrors vain,  
And bid our torments cease.

Thy hand can draw the rankling thorn  
From out the wounded breast ;  
Thy curtain screens the wretch forlorn,  
Thy pallet gives him rest.

Misfortune’s sting, Affliction’s throes,  
Detraction’s pois’nous breath,  
The world itself and all its woes  
Are swallow’d up in death.”

## CHAPTER II.

*Mr. De Lancaster discourses upon the Tactics  
of the Ancients.*

WHILST David Williams was chanting the extemporaneous lay, with which we concluded the foregoing chapter, the door between him and Mrs. De Lancaster was ajar; the gallery, in which he was playing, was admirably disposed for music, and every note came to the ear, mellowed by the distance without being lost in its passage. The strain was of a character so simple, and the harmony so pure and flowing in its course, without any of those capricious and false ornaments, which are too often resorted to, that both the movement and the matter were intelligible to the hearers, till at the close it burst into such a dis-

play of execution, as called forth all the powers of the instrument, and set off the art of the master in its highest style of excellence.

When Mrs. De Lancaster perceived that the performance was concluded, John was told to open the door, and upon his entering the gallery, the old minstrel was discovered sitting in deep meditation, with his arms folded round his harp, and his head resting upon the frame of it, whilst his white locks, long and flowing, hung profusely over his forehead, and entirely shaded his countenance. He had placed himself opposite to an antique bow-window, through which a ruddy gleam from the descending sun directly smote upon his figure, and threw it into tints, that would have been a study for Rembrandt or Bassan.

The mother and aunt of our hero,

who had now joined him in the gallery, stood for a while contemplating the striking effect, which his attitude produced. At length Mrs. De Lancaster said—We are obliged to you, Mr. Williams, for your very charming music: may I ask who is the author of it?

He, who is the author of my being, he replied, rising up and shaking the locks from off his forehead; He, that endowed me with a soul, inspired me with the love of harmony, and what He inspires, I with all humble devotion endeavour to express.

Can you repeat those passages again?

Lady I cannot. It was not from memory that I played them, and having played them, I no longer keep them in remembrance. When the approaching festival shall call on me for my exer-

tions, I hope to produce something more worthy of your commendation.

Did you come hither of your own accord?

I never come to ladies' chambers of my own accord.

To whom beside yourself am I indebted for this entertainment?

The son of my patron, your spouse, commanded me to play to you.

Did he so? said Mrs. De Lancaster. I will trouble you no further. She then wished Cecilia a good night, pressed the hand of her son in token of a farewell, and turned into her chamber.

Whilst this was passing above stairs, the venerable chief of the De Lancasters was sitting and conversing over his coffee with Colonel Wilson and his sons Henry and Edward; for the

elder of these brothers, who was captain of a troop of dragoons, had taken advantage of a few days furlough to pay a visit to his father before he joined his regiment in Ireland. Henry was an amiable and well-informed young man, and had the character of being a very gallant and good officer. De Lancaster loved a soldier, and was fond of talking to every man upon professional topics: Henry was highly entertained with the singularity of his character, and had won the old gentleman's heart by listening to his dissertations with the most flattering attention, asking questions and throwing in remarks occasionally, which proved him to have taken a lively interest in the subject under discussion, and to be a hearer to the heart's content of his communicative host.

Robert De Lancaster had been call-

ing to mind the several passages, that occurred to him in the grammarians, respecting ancient tactics, and had gone back to the Trojan war for the purpose of remarking to Captain Henry, that it did not appear that the Greeks had any cavalry in the besieging army, except the horses, which they harnessed to their chariots: that even in the battle of Marathon there were no horse in the Athenian army, and that it was not till they repulsed Xerxes and were at peace, that they raised any body of cavalry, and then only three hundred.

Henry let him proceed without interruption till he got amongst the Roman cohorts, who, he informed him, did not use saddles till they copied them from the Germans, and as for stirrups, they had no word, that answered to them in their language. He remarked

that Franciscus Philelphus, who lived in the time of the fathers, had indeed coined the word *Stapeda* to express a stirrup, but Budæus in after times had improved upon it by substituting the compound term of *Suber pedancus*, which he clearly preferred, and for which he gave Budæus all due credit.

Mr. De Lancaster seemed very candidly disposed to recommend the fashion of riding without saddle or stirrups, though he himself used both in their greatest amplitude and richest splendor; the seat of the one being of blue velvet, and the materials of the other brass proudly gilt. He even doubted if the Numidians were not the best models for cavalry, forasmuch as they made use neither of saddle nor bridle, but turned and stopped their horses with their canes or switches, whilst the Teutonic horsemen were so adroit in shift-



ing from horse to horse, that they oftentimes charged their enemy double-mounted ; nay, they could manage four, as Homer witnesses, and he (Mr. De Lancaster) had authority to say that one of their kings named Teutobocchus, was so excellent a rider, that he could keep six horses alternately under him, and bring them all into action at the same time, which he conceived was a very great advantage to that warlike monarch in a charge. He begged however to be understood as saying this under correction of the captain's better judgment, and seemed to wait in expectation of his decision upon the reference.

The captain properly observed, that, if King Teutobocchus had a horse killed under him, he certainly had his choice of five yet left ; but if he was killed himself he stood the chance of leaving six without a rider to fall into the enemy's

hands ; so that much might be said on both sides.

This answer, which decided neither for nor against King Teutobocchus and his six chargers, left De Lancaster at liberty to hold to his opinion, and proceed with his discourse, which now went back to the Romans, who, till they used saddles, always vaulted on their steeds, training the young recruits to the practice by drilling them upon wooden horses, till they were able to mount and dismount upon either side with all their accoutrements, in which manœuvre the great Pompey was said to be so expert, as to perform it at full speed, drawing and returning his sword at the same time with the utmost expedition and correctness. After the barbarous introduction of saddles Mr. De Lancaster acknowledged that the Roman horse-

man was forced to mount either by the aid of the hand, or by practising his horse to kneel. He took notice that the sword-belt slung over the shoulder was conformable to ancient custom, but he doubted whether the sword ought not to be slung on the right side, as the Romans wore it, and not of so enormous a length, as it was carried to by the present fashion. He confessed that the Roman trooper with his massy spear, a shield slung to his horse's side, a case of three or four stout javelins with broad blades, and with his helmet and coat of mail, must have been a cumbrous load upon his charger, and he admitted that his movements and evolutions could not be very rapid. Speaking of the standards of the cavalry, he said they were very generally of purple with the name of the commander worked in gold;

though he was aware they afterwards introduced the figure of the dragon, richly embroidered after the fashion of the Asiatics. That the devices they wore on their helmets were of various sorts, according to the fancy of the wearer, but plumes of peacock's feathers could only be mounted on the crests of generals of the highest rank and description. Pyrrhus's crest was distinguished by the horns of the goat curiously modelled in fine gold.

He informed his hearers, that when the Roman cavalry were ordered to the charge, the chief trumpeter, whose station was beside the general, sounded to make ready ; this was answered by the band posted near the eagles, and when the horse were going down all the trumpets in the army sounded together, whilst the soldiers shouted out the word for battle,

and that word, though not precisely recorded, he had reason to believe was *FERI*! answering to our *Strike home*! A chorus so tremendous, that Cato says—The cry of our soldiers is more terrifying to the enemy than their swords. As for the Greeks, it is well known, he observed, that they came down to the charge shrieking out their insulting *ALALAGMOS*! Of this cry Pan was the inventor, and the terror it created was thence called Panic: the same Greeks had their *Pæan* before battle, called the Aggressive *Pæan*, and another after battle, called the *Pæan* of Victory.

With respect to what we call specifically—the word or parole—that was given out by the general at pleasure, and was alway of some cheering and auspicious import—as that of Cæsar, which

he made use of in his African campaign, FELICITAS! that of Brutus, LIBERTAS! that of Augustus, APOLLO! whilst Cyrus gave out with the signal for battle—JUPITER SOCIUS, DUX, SERVATOR! *Jupiter, our comrade, our leader, our preserver!*

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### CHAPTER III.

*Mr. De Lancaster relates some curious Properties peculiar to certain Islands.*

MR. DE LANCASTER had brought his dissertation to a conclusion, when Philip entered the room: he had been told by David Williams what effect his experiment had produced, and as it had brought Mrs. De Lancaster out of her chamber, he had begun to apprehend greater consequences from its operation,

than he was either prepared to encounter, or disposed to wish, till upon meeting Mr. Llewellyn he was informed by that sagacious gentleman, that the surprise, into which his patient had been thrown by the unexpected serenade of David's harp had proved extremely prejudicial to her health, and that he thought it of the last consequence to her life, never to expose her to such dangerous experiments again—I cannot for my soul conceive, said that learned sage, what expectations you could form from such a ridiculous chimæra, but to hurry her into fits, which you have done, and to drive her out of her senses, which very possibly you may do. If I am thus to be interrupted in the management of her case, how am I to be answerable for her life?

Thus rebuffed by the anti-musical

doctor, Philip sought refuge in the society of the company below stairs from the persecution of those above. He sate silent and dull, but as this was nothing extraordinary on his part, nobody concerned themselves about him.

Mr. De Lancaster asked Captain Wilson in what province of Ireland his regiment was quartered, and upon being answered that it was in Munster, he gravely observed, that he would then be upon the spot, where, if so disposed, he might enquire into the truth of the extraordinary properties recorded by Giraldus Cambrensis of a certain island in the aforesaid province which, if related by any other than a historian of his established character for veracity and research, might have staggered all credulity.

Upon Henry's desiring to be informed



what those properties were—he replied, I premised that they were extraordinary, and I own to you they require confirmation, for Giraldus deliberately tells us, that there is an island in that province, known in his time, and in fact from the time of Saint Patrick, into which no woman, nor any female creature living, could enter.

Well done, Giraldus ! cried the colonel, that is an interesting discovery for married men.

A blessed one—said Philip in an under voice.

I hardly think I shall be able to find it, said the captain, and if I do, I don't believe I shall chuse it for my head quarters.

It is fitter for a hermitage or a monkish convent, Edward observed.

Hold, cried De Lancaster, I have Gi-

raldus on the table, and here he tells us of an island, where no woman can be delivered of a child.

Pooh ! said the colonel, he is an old woman himself, and can be delivered of nothing but lies.

Hold, resumed the expounder of Giraldus ; here is another island, which is partly inhabited by good, and partly by evil spirits.

All islands are alike for that, said the colonel.

Have a little patience ; we have not done yet with Giraldus's islands, for here is one, where dead bodies cannot putrefy ; and look ! here is another, that outgoes all the others, where nobody can ever die—Mark his words—*Nemo unquam moritur, unquam mortuus fuit, vel morte naturali mori potuit.*

Excellent Giraldus ! exclaimed the

JOHN DE LANCASTER.

colonel ; if he does but make out his immortal island to be that which women cannot enter, the grand desideratum is obtained.

He does not say that, replied De Lancaster.

Then he had better have said nothing about it, Philip cried out from his corner, for fear our wives should find it out.

At this instant our hero John made his appearance with a most flaming and tremendous sketch of David Williams, playing on his harp at sun-down, as he had seen him in the gallery. This was the first unlucky start of John's genius in the branch of portrait-painting, and though it was in the grand gusto of Michael Angelo, it was not quite so good as Michael Angelo would have made it, though John had bestowed as

much red ink upon it as would have served a merchant's clerk for a twelve-month.

At the sight of that red ink, so profusely squandered, Philip betrayed no small alarm, and demanded where he got it. John had found a bottle of it upon the chimney-piece in his father's bedroom.

It is not ink, cried Philip ; it is the blood of Saint Januarius, and you have ruined me.

The vehemence of Philip's exclamation, and the horror of his countenance, were too ridiculous to be withstood, and even the gravity of the grandfather was not proof against the laugh.

Hollah ! friend John, cried the colonel, you have drawn a devil in the blood of a saint.

John demanded how long the saint

had been dead ; and the colonel answered at a guess, that it was not much more than a thousand years, but the monks could bring his blood to life again, when they had occasion for a vial of red ink.

You may make a laughing matter of it, said Philip, but I got it with considerable difficulty, and not at the price of red ink, assure yourself.

And what was the use of it, when you had got it, said the colonel ?

Sir, replied poor Philip with much solemnity—It has various uses: it is a preservative against storms by sea or land ; against thunder and lightning ; it guards your house from fire, keeps off evil spirits, and prevents or cures diseases.

And so it may still, said the old gentleman, for the sight of John's drawing brings to my recollection the famous re-

cipe, which John De Gaddesden has bequeathed to us for those, who may be seized with that terrible disorder the small-pox, and I believe I can give it to you in his own, or very nearly his own, words—"after the eruption of the small pox, says that ancient and learned leech, cause the whole body of your patient to be wrapt in scarlet, or in any other red envelope, and command every thing about the couch of the sick person to be made red, for this will be found an excellent and speedy cure. It was in this manner, he adds, I treated the son of the noble King Edward the Second of England, when he had the small pox, and I cured him without leaving any marks."—This being granted, my grandson's performance, although not eminently meritorious for its art, may yet be turned to beneficial purposes, and

Saint Januarius may share the credit of them with John De Gaddesden.

Philip, who perceived he was not likely to receive any redress, walked away to meditate in silence over the loss of his miraculous vial. John was called up to his mother's apartment, and when there admitted, Betty was ordered to retire, and she addressed him as will be found in the following chapter.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Our Hero has an Interview with his  
Mother.*

WHEN John had entered his mother's chamber, and presented himself to her, she said—As I know that I must

prepare myself to meet that summons, from which no mortal is exempt, sit down by me, and hear what I have to say; for whilst my senses hold I wish to communicate to you some particulars, which it imports you to be apprised of, and as they are of a secret nature, I must rely upon your discretion for understanding what is due to the confidence, that I am about to repose in you. I suspect you have been informed by the soldier, who died in this house, of my attachment to his master Captain Jones—('Tis very well: I understand your signal)—He has told you, and I tell you now again, that my whole life has been embittered by the disappointment and affliction, which I endured, when rigid honour on his part, and over-ruling duty on mine, tore me from the arms of that beloved man, and



threw me into those of your unfeeling father. Great as my affection was for Captain Jones, and implicit as my trust, yet I take it on my soul to assure you, that our connection was in the strictest sense correctly pure, and after I was married I never had the fortitude to speak to him, or even see his face. I state this to you, my dear child, not only that you may have it in your power conscientiously to put to silence and dismiss all insinuations against my honour, but also more especially to arm your mind for ever against those alarming fancies, that might else occur to you, if in any future period of time the charms, the virtues and endowments of the daughter should engage your heart, as those of the father captivated mine.

This angelic girl, (for as such she is represented to me) now lives with

Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh, who has the care of her education, and on whom my father has settled an annuity for that purpose. I have bequeathed to Amelia Jones two thousand pounds by will, which is the only sum I can at present call my own ; but if, by the will of providence, your grandfather should be suddenly taken off before I die, whatever I may in that case inherit from him I shall leave entirely to you, and recommend this interesting relict of my lamented friend to your bounty and protection. And now before I reveal to you the wish, that lies deepest at my heart, let me furnish you with the means of being known to her. This case contains a miniature of her father in enamel, admirably painted, and on the reverse of it under a crystal there is a lock of his hair. Dear as this relic has been, and still is, to me,

alas ! I never more must look upon it, I could not bear it, and must now endeavour to employ my thoughts in other meditations : take it, my son, and as your gift present it to Amelia ; she will thank you ; and if her gentle character should gain an early interest in your youthful heart, think of your wretched mother, and resolve against the fatal sacrifice, that I have made to fortune and connections : what are they, if your choice goes not with them ? what but misery, entailed upon you by the base surrender of your own natural rights ? Ah ! my poor child, could I but cherish a consoling hope, that you will summon courage to assert those natural rights, and resolutely shun the torrent of those sordid importunities, that will assail you, I could die in peace.

Live then, replied our hero, live, my

mother, in that confirmed assurance, and believe nothing can shake my fixt determination to follow my free choice in that event, which must decide my happiness for life. Fortune I do not want, and for that idle pride, which pedigree entails on some, who have no other merit, I despise it; all are my equals, who are not debased in character and conduct: as for Amelia Jones, (forgive me, madam) being my father's son, and she the daughter of parents by their virtues ennobled, I look up to her as my superior; and when I have the happiness to present to her this valuable relic of her father, I can well believe my second visit will confirm the impression I received upon my first.

What do you tell me? Have you visited and seen Amelia?

I should have told you that before,

but was afraid the circumstances, that produced that interview, might agitate and discompose your spirits.

No, no, relate them. If Amelia gave the impression you describe, 'tis all I wish, 'tis all I pray for.

She appeared, he replied, in loveliness of person, mind and manners to merit their description, who report her to you as an angelic girl. My plea for visiting her was to deliver into her hands the wedding ring, worn by her mother, and sent to her by her father in the care of the poor soldier, his servant, who on his death-bed entrusted it to me. In the execution of this delicate commission I was so dazzled, and my senses were so engrossed by the appearance of an object, beautiful and impressive beyond my expectations, that the abrupt and awkward manner, in which I introduced

my business, occasioned a surprise on her part, which for a time overthrew her spirits and deprived me of her company. In the mean time whilst I was contemplating her father's portrait, which hung opposite to me, and in a kind of rhapsody, that I could not controul, pledging my protection to his lovely daughter, behold, she stood beside me ; and before I could recollect myself I had clasped her in my arms. Shocked at myself for an action so audacious, I fled out of the house, and by a note to Mrs. Jennings endeavoured to apologize and asked forgiveness : it was granted to me on the part of Amelia, but Mrs. Jennings by her answer to my note imposed upon me the severe condition of forbearing to intrude upon her charge in the like manner any more. This I have hitherto obeyed ; how then shall

I fulfil your orders, and present this relic to Amelia?

You must write to Mrs. Jennings, state what your commission is, and ask leave to wait upon her charge. When you have done this, shew me your letter, and, if I am able, I will add a postscript. Now, my dear son, beloved of my heart, farewell! my feeble spirits can no longer bear the agitation this discourse has caused. I am not used to joy; it overcomes me—send assistance to me!

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## CHAPTER V.

*Preparations for celebrating the Assembly of the Minstrels at Kray Castle.*

THE day was now come, when the assembly of the minstrels was to be cele-

brated at Kray Castle. Every body was alert: the great hall showed like an arsenal, hung round with trophies of armour, and decorated with the banners of the family, upon which the emblem of the winged harp held its station paramount.

The natives, whether inhabitants of mountain or of vale, flocked from all parts to the spectacle. No minstrel, who had any ambition to distinguish himself, neglected the invitation. The domestics of the castle were arrayed in their gala liveries of orange-tawney, new for the occasion. All hands were busy in the kitchen, which was of conventual size, and the savory steam ascended to the vaulted roof in clouds of stomach-stirring odour. The cellar, though provided with a double tier of potent ordnance, was formidably menaced by the num-



bers of the assailants. Cecilia, the moving spring of all operations, had taken her measures so providently, and given out her orders with such precision, that all things went on in their respective departments with consummate regularity.

Mrs. De Lancaster, still languid, though in spirits less depressed, was incapable of taking any share in the festivities of the day, and confined herself to her apartment. The worthy old colonel had put himself in full uniform for the occasion, and Captain Henry Wilson, brilliant as if accoutred for a review, appeared as if he had been mailed in glittering sheets of silver. A ditto suit of melancholy bottle-green sufficed for Philip's unambitious taste.

These with the venerable senior of the family had assembled in the great saloon, when the Reverend Edward Wilson,

leading our young hero by the hand, presented him to his grandfather with the following address—I have the honour, sir, to introduce my pupil to you, and am most happy in assuring you, that I have already witnessed such encouraging instances both of his application and of his talents, as far exceed the promise of my most sanguine hopes. If my instructions can keep pace with the rapidity of his comprehension, it will not be very long before he will have exhausted all I shall wish to teach him as a reader of the classics. His own naturally strong understanding, and the in-born virtues of his heart, will leave me little else to do, save only to repress a certain ebullition of courageous spirit, which, though it be a quality, that ought to be found in every gentleman's cha-

racter, should not be called forth upon every frivolous occasion.

The old man sighed, cast a tender look upon his grandson, kissed him on each cheek, and turning aside to the preceptor, said in a whisper, I will talk to him on this subject.

A dealer in minute descriptions would here find some employment about the dress and person of our hero, as well as of his aunt Cecilia, hitherto unnoticed ; but as elegance and perfect neatness were all that she aimed at, and her nephew imitated, simplicity, as I understand it, is not liable to description, and it would be loss of labour to attempt it.

The equipage of Sir Owen ap Owen was now discovered in approach. There had been a sensible falling off in the accustomed intercourse between the houses

of De Lancaster and Owen since the accession of the Spanish widow and her son to the family of the baronet. Some little sparring upon points of county politics had occurred to threaten rather than to effect an actual breach between them. This visit therefore was regarded by the worthy host of the castle as a conciliatory advance on the part of his old friend and neighbour, whom of course he welcomed with all possible cordiality.

Sir Owen's constitution was completely broken down; he walked with difficulty through the hall, leaning on De Lancaster's arm, who saw with concern the change, that had been wrought in his once sturdy frame. Philip not being disposed to quit his corner, Captain Henry Wilson ushered in Mrs. David Owen, who having made her Spanish salutations to

the company, took her seat upon the sofa, and gave the captain to understand that there was room for him to sit beside her. She made an excuse for her son, that he was out with the hounds, and had not returned, but would pay his compliments to Mr. De Lancaster in the course of the afternoon : she turned a look upon her bottle-green lover, which was not very expressive of complacency, and immediately played off her best graces on the captain : she took notice of his uniform, and complimented him by observing it was quite as brilliant as that of the Spanish guards—If we, who wear it, are quite as brave, the captain courteously replied, our finery will be well bestowed. She addressed herself to Cecilia, and observed that Master John, as she called him, was very much grown. He had taken his seat

beside his godfather Sir Owen, who, when he had recovered his breath, said to De Lancaster—We are come, my good sir, to pay our compliments to you on this occasion, and have brought Ap-Rees with us to give you a specimen of his art, which you will understand, but I do not. Rachel, as you see, has set herself out in all her finery to do grace to your festival, but you must take a plain man in a plain coat, for I am too ill to thrust my crazy carcass into a fresh doublet, and shall hardly shift my rigging till I change it for a suit of sheep's wool only.

De Lancaster shook his head, turned an eye of pity on his friend, but made no answer.

Sir Owen had now taken his godson by the hand, and was asking him why he did not go out with the hounds—I

wait, John replied, till I can see you in the field, mounted on your favourite horse Glendowr; then I shall turn out with pleasure—Ah! my dear boy, cried Sir Owen, never, never again in this life shall I find myself upon the back of Glendowr. I can only look at him through the window, when he is led out to amuse me. He is the best horse and the best hunter in England: Lamprey was his sire, and Lamprey belonged to Sir William Morgan of Tredegar. I am torn to pieces for Glendowr, but a sack of money would not buy him: nephew David spells hard to borrow him, but I won't lend him to David of all men living, for he is cruel to his horses, and abuses the fine creature, that carries him; but I will lend him to you, John, freely and willingly, for you are merciful, and will use him well; nay, I could find it in

my heart to give him to you out and out.

Upon no account, John exclaimed, would I take him, whilst it can afford you, my dear sir, a moment's pleasure to look at him.

Well, well! that's handsome, he replied. Wait the going of a few short weeks, and you'll find him in my will.

There is something more than meets the eye in this circumstance of the horse, or we should not have inserted it.

The guests in the mean time were coming in, and at an early hour the castle-bell rang out for dianer. At this instant the heir of the Owens made his appearance in his hunting uniform, and booted. He apologised for this by saying he had not quitted the saddle, that he might be in time to pay his compliments to Mr. De Lancaster within the



hour, that was specified on his card. All this was very well, and Mr. David Owen was most courteously welcomed by Mr. De Lancaster and the inmates of his family. John made his bow, and Mr. Owen fell in with the company, who were now summoned to the dinner room, and took his seat at table.

Hospitality without parade, and festivity without excess was the character of an entertainment projected and conducted by the presiding genius of Cecilia De Lancaster.

Mr. David Owen assumed a certain consequential style and carriage, which strongly indicated, that he knew himself as the heir of his uncle's title and estate, and that he saw the hour at hand, which was to put him in possession of both. A set of vulgar companions, who frequented his uncle's table, had blown

him up with flattery, whilst they were sapping the constitution of poor Sir Owen with their sottish debaucheries, which, if Mrs. David Owen took no ostensible measures to encourage, she certainly used no efforts to prevent : of her maternal authority she made no use, nor indeed could any be made, for it was completely dispensed with. Nature in the meanwhile had not done much for the young gentleman, and education very little ; yet he was not without talents of a certain sort, and whenever opportunity offered for employing them, diffidence never stood in his way. He had the cunning of a Jew, and the haughtiness of a Spaniard : ridicule was his passion, and mimicry, particularly of his uncle, what he most excelled in. He had black piercing eyes, an aquiline nose and Moorish complexion, a high shrill

voice, and when he wrinkled up his features into a smile, it was the grin of malice and derision.

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## CHAPTER VI.

*Occurrences at Kray Castle during the Assembly of the Minstrels.*

WHEN the repast was over, and the glass had cheerfully, yet temperately, circulated, the doors of the great hall were thrown open: a scaffolding containing seats for the company, and a stage for the performers had been prepared, and the audience was full. Old De Lancaster, encircled by his guests, made the central figure of the assembly, and his entrance was hailed by a chorus

of harps, joining in the popular air—*Of a noble race was Shenkin.*

When this was past, the names of six selected minstrels were announced. Each of these was of high celebrity in his art, and the respectability of the audience called on them for their best exertions. When four of this number had now acquitted themselves with great credit, and the plaudits of the hearers seemed to have been pretty equally bestowed amongst them, there remained only Robin Ap-Rees, the famous harper of Penruth Abbey, and David Williams of Kray Castle as yet unheard. In these celebrated performers there existed a high spirit of emulation, and the opinions of the country were divided between them: Though rivals in art, they were brothers in misfortune, for both

were bereft of sight—*Blind Thamyris*  
and blind *Mæonides*.

After a pause of some minutes, Ap-Rees presented himself to the spectators, led, like Tiresias, by his young and blooming daughter, and followed by his son, carrying his harp. The interesting group so touched all hearts, and set all hands in motion, that the hall rung with their plaudits. He was a tall thin man with stooping shoulders, bald head, pale visage, of a pensive cast, and habited in a long black mantle of thin stuff bound about with a rose-coloured sash of silk, richly fringed with silver, and on his breast, appending to a ribbon of pale blue, hung a splendid medal of honour.

Before he took the seat, that was provided for him, he stopped and made a profound obeisance to the company; his daughter in the meantime, modest, ti-

mid and unprepared for such a scene, not venturing to encounter the eyes of the spectators, when she had placed her father in his seat, no longer able to struggle with her sensibility, sunk into his arms, trembling and on the point to faint: her brother stood aghast and helpless: the ladies manifested their alarm by screams, and the men were rising from their seats, when our hero, whose only monitor was his heart, leapt on the stage and sprung to her relief: she revived, and he gallantly conducted her to a seat, where she was no longer exposed to the observation of the company who cheered him with a loud applause.

Silence being restored, Ap-Rees began to tune his harp. He paused, as if waiting for the inspiration of his muse; his bosom yet laboured with the recent agitation of his spirits, when at length he

threw his hand over the strings, and began the symphony. His song was the tale of ancient days: he took for his theme the religious legend of the famous knight Sir Owen, one of the ancestors of his present patron. The legend is detailed at length by Matthew Paris in his history, page 86, edited by Doctor Watts in the year 1640, and few can be found better calculated to call forth all the powers of poetry and music: The date is that of the reign of King Stephen, and in the wars of that period Sir Owen had very valorously distinguished himself. When Ap-Rees described his hero entering the tremendous cave amidst the wailings of the tormented, and beset by the infernal spirits, who assailed his constancy by every horrible device their malice could suggest, so striking were the effects, so contrasted the transitions

of his harmony, that he seemed almost to realize those fearful yellings, groanings and thunderings recorded in the story. When he advanced to that period, where the fortitude of the knight baffles all the efforts of the dæmons, the movement, which had before been turbulent, irregular and excursive, became solemn, flowing and majestic ; but when in conclusion Sir Owen, triumphant over his assailants, puts them to general rout, and the gloomy cave in an instant is converted into a bright and blooming paradise, the minstrel with such art adapted his melody to the scene described, and so tranquillizing was the sweetness of his strain, that at the close he left his hearers still impressed with those delightful sensations, which Milton describes Adam to have felt, whilst the



voice of the communicative angel was yet dwelling on his ear.

At length De Lancaster rose up, and addressing himself to the minstrel, testified his high admiration of the excellent performance he had witnessed, observing that it had been particularly gratifying to him to listen to a poem, founded on the magnanimous behaviour of a truly Christian knight, who was enrolled amongst the many heroes, which the ancient and illustrious house of his friend and countryman Sir Owen ap Owen might justly boast of.

This speech was followed by a thundering applause; the exulting minstrel made his valedictory obeisance, and withdrew.

Sir Owen in the meantime whispered his friend De Lancaster, that he had

never read the story, but he was told it was put down in a book and of course he conceived it must be all true.

David Williams now remained to ascend the stage and close the entertainment. He was ushered in, habited in a loose vest or mantle of white cloth with open sleeves, which he had tucked up, leaving his arms bare : it was bound about his waist with a broad belt of orange-tawney silk, and upon his breast he wore a medal, on which the device of the winged harp was conspicuously displayed : a fillet of the same colour with his belt confined his white locks, and when he had arranged himself in his seat and begun to touch his harp, all was silence and attentive expectation.

At length, rolling his sightless eyeballs in a kind of poetic phrensy, he began his song from Noah : he sung the

destructive visitation of the general deluge : he chanted the praises of King Samothès, and the splendor of his court ; he then took a martial strain, and, smiting his harp with all the fire of an enthusiast, sung the triumphs of the giant son of Neptune, who entailed the trident of his father on his new-named Albion to all posterity. The animating subject seized the passions of the hearers, and the applause was loud and clamorous.

When this subsided, the minstrel chose a melancholy theme ; his head drooped upon his harp, and his fingers moved languidly over the strings, whilst in a slow and mournful strain he chanted the sad fate of Bladud—

“ Fallen from his towering flight,

“ And weltring in his blood.—”

During the movement all were silent,

when at once the harp was heard to break forth into a melody of the most gay and joyous character, inviting all present to festivity and good fellowship, and invoking blessings on the hospitable and time-honoured house of De Lancaster.

The harp now ceased, and the several minstrels, as well those, who had attended and were unheard, as those, who had performed, being assembled on the platform, the venerable patron and projector of the entertainment stood up in his place, and addressed himself to speak as follows—

Gentlemen, who have so highly gratified us with your excellent performances, and you also, who, if time had permitted, would have increased that gratification ; masters and professors of that science, which is at once so dignified and so delightful, I offer you on the

part of all here present the tribute of our unanimous acknowledgments, and our unqualified approbation and applause. We beg you will be pleased to share our praises amongst you ; we do not presume to apportion them according to your respective merits. And now friends, neighbours and countrymen, who have done me the honour to accept my invitation to this our domestic eistedfodd, you have heard the lay of our minstrel David Williams, and although, for brevity's sake, he took it up from the deluge only, yet, if you do not already know, you ought now to be informed, that this unconquered soil whereon we dwell, was in times antecedent to that visitation as fully peopled, and arts and sciences were as happily cultivated here as within any spot upon the habitable globe, If therefore in the recitation of

the lay, which I allude to, mention of that early time was omitted to be made, it was not because records are wanting of sufficient authenticity to illuminate the subject, forasmuch as not a few of those, who lived before the flood, have spoken for themselves, and their words and works have descended to us through the lapse of ages. Witness those treatises upon natural magic, which Ham the son of Noah, when in the ark with his father, possessed himself of, and having bequeathed them to his son Misraim, were afterwards made public to the great edification of the repeopled world. Nay, gentlemen, let me assure you, there are those, who trace the origin of the Chrysopeia, or art of making gold, even up to Adam himself, who in a tract of his own composing (after the fall we

will suppose) expounds that curious process.

I lay this before you, friends and countrymen, knowing that there are few amongst you, who do not trace your pedigrees up to the ante-diluvian ages, and I rest what I have said upon sound authorities that you, being true and ancient Britons, may have wherewithal to defend your derivations from your father Adam, if any there may be, obstinate and absurd enough to dispute them.

I shall now trespass on your time no longer, than whilst I express my hope that you, my gallant countrymen, who have held the tenure of this soil from ages so remote, will persevere to defend it through ages yet to come from all invaders foreign and domestic.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Harmony of Sounds does not always ensure  
Harmony of Souls.*

WHILST these performances were going on, Mr. David Owen, sullen and unsocial, had planted himself on a bench as far apart from the principal gentry as he could, and obstinately resisted all solicitations to take a seat more suitable to his rank, and more respectful to the company there assembled. Mr. De Lancaster however, as a mark of his attention, had desired his son Philip to place himself by his side, and take care that nothing was omitted, that could add to his entertainment or accommodation. Nothing could be more acceptable to Philip than a commission of this sort, which consigned him to a post, where he



might sit unseeing and unseen, and happily enjoy a complete vacation from thought, whilst his sulky neighbour, wearied with his morning's chace, and little interested by what was going forward, fell asleep.

The bustle however, which Nancy Ap Rees had occasioned when she led her father on the stage, caused the drowsy gentleman to open his eyes just as our John De Lancaster was sallying to her assistance—That youngster of yours, said David, methinks is very officious. I am weary of this mummery. Can't we slip aside, and repose ourselves in a quiet room till this tiresome business is all over? I believe you find as little amusement in it as I do.

I find none at all, Philip replied, and rising up, cried, now is the moment, follow me.

When the assembly had broken up, and the gentry were filing off to the collation, that was set out for them in the great parlour, Mr. David Owen and his umbrella in the bottle green were missing. It was suspected they had retired to Philip's private room, and our hero John was dispatched to find them. This discovery was soon made, and his message as soon delivered. Philip set out upon the summons, when young Owen, instead of following him out of the room, which he seemed prepared to do, shut the door, and turning to John, who was civilly attending upon him, said to him in his ironical and sneering way—Upon my word, young gentleman, you have made a very capital display of your agility before the company in jumping on the stage, and shewing off your gallantry towards a young wench, who is in the

high situation of daughter to our old blind harper, and a domestic in our family.

Sir, replied the youth, I considered her situation in no other light than as she seemed to want assistance, and in tendering that, I trust I have not offended Mr. David Owen.

Oh, by no means, replied the other in the same taunting tone; you afforded me an opportunity of admiring you in the amiable attitude of succouring a distressed and fainting damsel—besides, give me leave to observe, that such a heavy load of music without a little dancing between whiles would have been absolutely insupportable, and I felt myself unspeakably obliged to you for the relief, which your elegant performance so seasonably afforded; and if my respect for the ladies present had not bound me to

silence, I should have requested you to have repeated that delightful rigadoun with Miss Nancy Ap Rees for my particular entertainment.

There are no ladies here present, cried the gallant youth, stepping up to him; so, if you are in the same humour still, your respect need not stop you: but let me remind you, Mr. Owen, that it is no mark of courage to insult me under the sanction of a roof, where the laws of hospitality forbid me to resent it. Take your opportunity of playing off your spiteful jests upon me in any other place; and you shall find me, though your inferior in the art of ridicule, at least your equal in the spirit of a gentleman. I know you can throw dirt and bespatter very ingeniously, and enjoy the mischief as a joke, without remorse for the pain and injury it inflicts.

At this moment Edward Wilson entered the room, and from the last words, which he had heard, and the angry countenance of his pupil, guessing what had passed—John De Lancaster, he cried, recollect yourself !

Aye, sir, resumed the demy-Spaniard, now more pale and sallow with his rage, teach your schoolboy better manners, and warn him how he carries himself so unbecomingly towards one, who is every way his superior.

Tell me first, said Wilson, in what my pupil has offended you ; and as you are his superior in age, avail yourself of that advantage by stating your dispute calmly and dispassionately, and let me fairly judge between you.

No, sir, replied the haughty youth, I shall state nothing, nor let any man be judge over me ; least of all a gentleman

in your predicament, Mr. Wilson, whose judgment I can pretty well guess at. Let your angry boy make up his story as he likes, and you may believe it, or not, as you like. I care not. Into this house I will never enter more with my good will.

In that respect, said Wilson, you must do as you see fit; but command yourself at present, and that you may not disturb the harmony of the night, let me recommend it to you to join the company.

And if I do, sir, resumed the insolent, give me leave to tell you that wherever and whenever I sit down at table with any one, that bears the name of De Lancaster, I shall consider myself as in company with my inferior.

Hold! You forget yourself, cried the reverend Mr. Wilson; you are much

too lofty; and if you do not speedily correct that pride yourself, somebody will be found to do it for you.

Go, go! said Owen, don't tutor me, tutor your schoolboy, and let him think himself well off, that he has escaped chastisement.

Chastisement! exclaimed John, and put himself before the door; you dare as well eat fire, as repeat that to me in another place.

As John was saying this, David Owen, who was making for the door, put him aside, rather roughly, with his hand, and walked out of the room in that kind of strutting style, which a braggart finds it convenient to assume on his departure, when he feels the time is come, that counterfeited courage will no longer serve his purpose.

Was not that a blow, cried John, ea

gerly arresting Wilson, as he was about to follow? Has not that Jew-born miscreant given me a blow?

What ails you? Are you mad? It was no blow.

It makes my flesh burn where his hand was on me. Indeed, indeed! I feel it as a blow. I'm sure he struck me. Why should you deny it? I thought you had been my friend.

I am your friend, said Wilson, looking him stedfastly in the face, and if you do not consider me as such because I did not suffer you to disgrace the hospitality of your grandfather by a fray with one of his guests, you do not judge of me with truth and candour, but in the heat of passion and resentment.

Disarmed, and brought to instant recollection by this temperate remonstrance, the brave youth cried out—I'm



wrong, I'm wrong ! I pray you to forgive me. You are my friend, and I depend upon you : but call it what you will—a push, a touch—the spite and malice of the action gives it the cast and character of a blow ; and to put up with a blow from David Owen, what could there be in life so disgraceful, what in death so dreadful as that ?

John, John, said Wilson gravely and authoritatively, I must remind you in what charge I stand towards you, and by what duty you are bound to me : I tell you once again, it was no blow. You put yourself between him and the door ; he could not pass you otherwise than he did. Come, come, you must reform this angry spirit ; it savours of revenge ; and to carry such an inmate in your bosom, would be neither for your reputation, nor repose. There is

however one species of revenge, in which I will assist you, I mean the revenge of virtue, the triumph of a good and noble character over an ignoble and an evil one : that victory if you can obtain (and it shall be my study to point out the road to it) you will then establish a fair title to that superiority over David Owen, which he now vainly arrogates over you. Come then, my dear John, let us henceforward set about that honourable task in earnest, and in the mean time treat his insolence only with contempt.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Our Hero goes to Glen-Morgan, and pays a Visit to Mrs. Jennings at Denbigh.*

LAWYER DAVIS (universally so called) was an active honourable little fellow in great request, and would ride further for a few shillings in the prosecution of his business, than some physicians will for as many pounds. He was a light weight, was always well-mounted, and travelled by the compass with extraordinary expedition. In the early morning of the day, immediately following the festival at Kray Castle, he called upon our hero John with an invitation from his grandfather at Glen-Morgan to come over to him upon particular business, and Davis did not dis-

guise from him that it was for the purpose of communicating to him the disposal of his effects by will.

To a summons so important there was neither prohibition nor delay. John however in a short interview with his mother suggested to her the opportunity, that now offered for presenting to Amelia the miniature of her father, with which he was entrusted. Mrs. De Lancaster had no objection to his making an excursion to Denbigh, and allowed him to use her name for his introduction to Miss Jones, but the proposal of writing to Mrs. Jennings had been laid aside. Lawyer Davis was to go with him, and John under such a swift-sailing convoy soon found himself safe moored by the side of his grandfather.

John, said the good old man, I have been putting down a few items in the

only work of mine, that will ever descend to posterity, and as you have a concern in the purport of it, I think it is but right you should know what it is. In this paper, which is my last will and testament, and which friend Davis has translated out of English into law, I have bequeathed my estates real and personal to your mother independantly of her husband for her life, and after her decease to you and your heirs, executors and assigns, for ever. So God bless you with it ! I for one shan't hold it from you long. However take notice, I have not forgotten certain friends and dependants, who will have claims upon you ; and as I have not been notoriously uncharitable in my life, I have not quite overlooked that duty at my death. I shall not turn out rich in money, for the labouring poor have been so confound-

edly pinched, that they would not let me gratify the rascally passion, which I naturally had to be a miser. There is Dame Jennings will come upon you for an annuity, and that little witch Amelia Jones is down in black and white for another. I could not help it. They were both too good, and one of them too pretty, too innocent, and too helpless to be left to the wide world; I could not go out of it in peace, and leave them to starve in poverty: you must think, John, that would not do; would it? No, no; I was forced to take care of them for the sake of an easy conscience, or in other words (do you see) for my own sake; else I should not have done it for the mere pleasure of giving away; for I have no pleasure in it. As a proof of that, look you, here is a hundred guineas in a canvas purse; I took from the

greasy pocket of a drover for twenty head of scabby cattle, that were neither use nor ornament to me. I cheated the poor fellow, or rather I should say, let him cheat himself; for I took what he offered. Now here's a case in point, if you don't take and rid me of it, it will lie upon my conscience, and what with that and the gout together, I shall get no sleep.

You know, my dear generous grandfather, said John, I don't want money.

Perhaps not; but I want sleep, replied the grandfather; therefore take it, if you love me, and dispose of it as you like. John made no further opposition, but received the present.

It so chanced that in the evening a certain Jew, Israel Lyons by name, who was in the practice of travelling about the country at stated periods with

his portable stock in trade, came to the house. He had the character of a fair-dealing man, and was well known to the principal families in those parts. Israel either bought or sold, and was a trader in all respects conformable to the occasions of those, to whom he resorted. Old Morgan having retired to his chamber, John, according to custom, had stepped aside to pay a kind visit to Mrs. Richards and the old butler, whilst Israel was descanting upon the excellence of a pair of spectacles, which the good lady was cheapening; these were soon purchased and paid for without any cheapening at all, and in the mean time our hero's eyes were caught by the attraction of a rich and elegant gold chain of curious workmanship, which Israel displayed with address and eloquence, at least proportioned to its merit. It in-



stantly occurred to John that this brilliant chain would admirably become the beautiful neck of Amelia, and be a fit and apposite appendage to the miniature picture of her father, which he was about to present to her. A speedy transfer of the aforesaid chain was accordingly made by Mr. Israel Lyons, who had no kind of difficulty in parting from it for value received in ready cash upon terms of his own proposing; and thus it came to pass, that the present, which John hesitated to receive, was, as it now turned out, most opportunely bestowed.

The next morning brought our young De Lancaster to the door of Mrs. Jennings; he was admitted to that lady, but Amelia was not present. When he had communicated the object of his visit, and signified that he waited on Miss Jones with the entire approbation, and

in fact by the immediate desire of his mother, Mrs. Jennings paused, and after a few moments recollection, said—I should very much wish, Mr. De-Lancaster, that Amelia Jones, agitated as I am sure she will be upon the sight of this most interesting present, might with your permission be allowed to receive it in the first instance through my hands ; that so she may have time to recollect herself, before she undertakes to pay her acknowledgments to Mrs. De Lancaster through you, and to you in person ; and I hope, sir, you will believe that I can have no other inducement for proposing this to you, except that of my consideration for the feelings of the young and sensitive creature, who is under my immediate charge.

To this appeal our hero instantly replied—As I promised my mother that

I would deliver this token of her affection into Miss Jones's hands, I confess I wished to have fulfilled my promise; but your authority supersedes those wishes on my part, and with all possible respect for your superior judgment, I beg you will transmit this packet to Miss Jones in the way you think best: I am only the bearer of it, and shall intrude no further—Having risen from his seat whilst he was uttering these words, he had no sooner made an end of speaking, than he bolted out of the room with a rapidity, that precluded all reply—Never will I enter those doors again, he exclaimed as he stepped into the street, whilst that dragon is within them.—

We make no comment on this hasty proceeding of our disappointed hero: some of our readers perhaps will find a plea for it; we offer none. The good lady

whose caution had given cause for it, (if any cause there was) had by the sudden departure of her visitor been precluded from making any of those efforts for detaining him, which politeness might else have dictated. He had passed her windows before she had sufficiently recovered her surprise to attempt at explanation, and she had now to reflect how far it was, or was not, incumbent upon her to relate the incident with all its circumstances to Amelia. In her sense of the responsible situation, in which she stood towards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, she conceived it highly behoved her to be extremely careful how she gave them any grounds to accuse her of favouring interviews, that in course of time might lead to an attachment, which she had reason to apprehend might involve her in much trouble,

if considered by those families as originating in her house.

When she had weighed these circumstances in her mind, she found so many reasons, that justified her reserve towards young De Lancaster, that she no longer regretted the interruption she had given to a second interview, which would probably have excited some sensations, and drawn out some expressions on the part of Amelia, which she by no means was disposed to encourage. She now took up the packet, and entering the room, where Amelia, unconscious of what had been passing, was employed upon her studies—My dear child, she said, I have a present for you from Mrs. Philip De Lancaster, which I am sure you will very highly value, being a miniature portrait of your father, which that lady has long had in her possession,

and now kindly bestows it upon you— Bless me, exclaimed Amelia, how very kind that is in Mrs. De Lancaster ! What a good and generous lady she must be. In the meantime she eagerly proceeded to open the packet, which inclosed two shiagreen cases, and instantly taking that, which evidently contained the miniature of her father, rapturously exclaimed—Oh, what an exquisite, what an admirable resemblance ; how lovely, how divine is the expression of this countenance ! I can look on this with more delight than I can on the portrait below stairs ; for here I behold him happy and in health ; there he appears so melancholy and dejected, that I can hardly ever look upon it without tears—But what in the name of wonder is this, said she, opening the case, in which the gold chain was contained ? Bless me ! can

this fine thing be intended for me? Did Mrs. De Lancaster give me this also?

I suppose so, said Mrs. Jennings: at least I know nothing to the contrary.

But who brought it? demanded Amelia; and thus interrogated, Mrs. Jennings was constrained to answer, that it was brought and delivered to her by young De Lancaster himself.

Oh then I am sure this chain at least is his present, said the enraptured girl, (her face flushing, and her eyes glistening with joy) why didn't you call me down instantly to pay my thanks to him? Come, madam! why do we keep him waiting?

Hold, my dear. The gentleman is not waiting: he is gone.

Gone! exclaimed Amelia! you astonish me; you alarm me. Is it possible Mr. De Lancaster could bring me these

fine presents, these inestimable presents, and go away without seeing me? Ah dear madam, tell me at once without disguise where is he gone; why is he gone?

Have patience, my dear child, and you shall hear—It was by no means my wish that he should go without your seeing him, and paying him your acknowledgments so justly due; but as I did not know to what degree you might be affected by the sight of your father's picture, I thought it on all accounts advisable to desire Mr. De Lancaster would allow me to be the bearer of the packet to you; for which I assured him I had no other motive but consideration and regard for your repose; upon which he gave me the packet, expressed himself disappointed, and before I could answer, left the house.



In anger—

I suspect it.

Ah madam, madam, where then is my repose, which you so cautiously consulted? Gone for ever. I might have been the happiest of human beings, I am now the most miserable. Much as I adore the memory of my father, infinitely as I prize this relique, which presents me with his image, and dear to me as this token of Mr. De Lancaster's favour would have been, yet as he wished to give it to me, and that small, that trifling gratification was denied to him, never will I wear it, touch it, look upon it more, till I receive it from his hands, and am assured of his forgiveness.

Having said this, she burst into tears, and what Mrs. Jennings suggested for her consolation would not be very interesting to relate.

## CHAPTER IX.

*A Hasty Retreat. Meditations by the Way.*

WHEN a hasty youth is mounted on a hasty horse, who can foresee where the spur of passion will transport him? The patience of an ass, or the obstinacy of a mule might either weary out his anger, or so divert it, as to give him some chance for recollection; but John and his steed were in the same humour for a start at score; and it seemed equally indifferent to both which way they bent their course, so they did but agree to outrun discretion. They soon left Denbigh behind them, and as Glen Morgan did not just then occur to the rider, and old Ben could not come up within ear-shot to remind him of it, where they might have gone is mere matter of con-

jecture, but certainly not to Kray Castle, had not that inextinguishable spark of humanity, which John cherished in his bosom, given him a memento, that a generous animal ought not to suffer merely because a hot-headed rider had got astride upon his back.

The impulse of pity, that now struck upon the heart of John, was instantaneous. He stopped his horse, dismounted, relieved him by slackening the stricture of his girths, turned his nostrils to the wind, wiped the sweat from his face and ears, caressed him and in his heart asked pardon for the unreasonable fatigue he had exposed him to. Whilst this was passing Ben came panting up: what he had in mind to say is lost to the world, forasmuch as being rather pursey, Ben had not breath to utter it; besides which, the offender having now

recollected himself, had prevented his curiosity at the same time that he softened his remonstrance, by apologising for his excursion, confessing that he had forgotten himself, and did not know why he came there, nor where he was.

'Tis very well then that I can tell you whereabouts you are, Ben replied.

Well! and where am I? John demanded.

Out of your road, said Ben, quite and clean; that's where you are, and so I would have told you in good time, hadn't you gallopped on at such a pelting rate, that I couldn't get up to you: And now may I ask without offence where it is your pleasure to go next?

Home, to the Castle—was the answer.

Then we must not travel quite so fast if you please, said Ben; for the road is

somewhat difficult to hit off, and not over smooth besides.

Lead the way ! John replied : go your own pace, and I'll follow—This point being adjusted, conversation ceased, and our young hero began to meditate as follows—

That I have cause to feel and resent the treatment I have received is an opinion that I still persist in, but I am conscious of the folly I have been guilty of in suffering myself to be hurried into such' ridiculous excesses, as I have now been giving way to. Of this I am most heartily ashamed ; but after being denied access to Amelia, when coming by my mother's authority, and bringing her present in my hand as my introduction, I hold myself justified in resolving never more to enter Mrs. Jennings's doors, nor subject myself to be consider-

ed by that precise repulsive lady as an unwelcome and obnoxious visitor. If there was no collusion between the governess and her charge, (and I confess there does not appear to have been any such) I certainly have no reason to be offended with Amelia, who perhaps may have felt some portion of that disappointment, which fell so heavily upon me. All that I have promised and solemnly pledged myself to do in her behalf, I will faithfully fulfil; but I will not allow Mrs. Jennings to misinterpret my attentions and suspect that I am governed by any motives with regard to the lovely and engaging orphan under her care, which are not simply directed to her service, and strictly consistent with the purest honour: She shall not therefore be alarmed in future by any assiduities on my part, which it shall be

possible for her to misconstrue and suspect. Heaven knows I have need enough of instruction, and to my studies under the direction of my excellent preceptor I will henceforward so totally devote myself, that if there was any early preference forming at my heart, which time and opportunity might have ripened into positive attachment, it is now the moment for me to suppress it, and by application to acquirements, in which I am so glaringly deficient, give them all my thoughts, and let no wandering wishes turn them from the tract, they ought to follow and persist in.

Whilst our young heart-wounded hero was arguing himself into this wise resolution, and proposing to derive profit from disappointment, he came within sight of a cottage, whose lonely and desolate situation seemed ill accordant

with the neatness and studied comfort of every thing about it. Two women were sitting at their needle-work in the little garden in the front of it, and he was already near enough to distinguish the features of the youngest before she had started from her seat, and ran into the house. He was so struck with the resemblance, that she bore to the daughter of Sir Owen's minstrel, blind Ap-Rees, of whom we have made former mention, that he stopped, and put that question to the elderly dame, who kept her seat: the dame at first did not think fit to answer, but upon the question being respectfully urged a second time—Whether that young person was, or was not, Nancy Ap-Rees, she briefly replied—That young person is my daughter, and my name is not Ap-Rees.



Then I am mistaken, said John, and rode on.

Satisfied with this answer, which at the present time made but a slight impression on his thoughts, he proceeded homewards, following his guide step by step through all the sinuosities of a craggy road, ruminating upon what had passed at Denbigh, at some times accusing, and at others acquitting himself for his conduct upon that occasion. He formed a wild and fanciful conception of those brilliant lights, that science would in time unfold ; but whilst he was enjoying this platonic vision, the sylph-like image of Amelia would recur to his imagination in the captivating attitude of standing at his elbow, as once she had been seen, when, taken by surprise, he caught her in his arms, and rap-

turously pressed her to his heart. Thus advancing onwards, though not conscious of progression, he was at length recalled to recollection by the sight of Kray Castle, and his reverie dispersed.

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The awful character of the time, in which we now live, calls upon every writer to be cautious how he appeals to the passions of mankind. The novelist, who is professedly a writer of this description, has no arbitrary power, independent of morality, over the characters he exhibits merely because they are fictions of his own inventing: he has duties, which he is bound to observe, and cannot violate without offence.

Under this impression, I endeavour to conduct my fable, studious to make that amiable, which I strive to make at-

tractive; and although, in obedience to nature, I must mingle shade with light, I flatter myself that vice of my devising will have no allurements to attach the unwary, nor virtue be pourtrayed with those romantic attributes, which, bearing no similitude to real life, leave no impression on the reader's mind, nor can be turned to any moral use.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



## BOOK THE SECOND.

## CHAPTER I.

*Sir Owen ap Owen on his Death-Bed takes  
leave of Mr. De Lancaster.*

THERE was an apartment in one of the turrets of Kray Castle, which commanded a fine view of the park and country, bounded by the sea : here it was that young De Lancaster commenced a course of application to his studies under the instruction of his excellent preceptor, to which he devoted himself with so determined a passion for improvement, that it was not long before he had made a progress in the learned languages, that would have qualified him to pass muster with most young scholars of his standing.

Nature had endowed him with a strong and retentive memory, and parts rather solid than brilliant: he had great industry, a ready apprehension and a mind turned to enquiry. Few temptations were now sufficiently alluring to detach him from his books; so grateful to him were the lectures of his instructor, and so delectable the acquisition of knowledge, that he sought no pleasures, and seemed to regret all avocations. His volatility of spirit had now in a great degree subsided; he became cautious in the company of his seniors, and more disposed to listen than to talk. The neighbours did not think him mended by his studies, and the servants, who had been the companions of his puerile sports, pronounced that he was spoilt.

An unatoned insult still rankled at his heart, and he shunned the sight of

David Owen, not because he feared him, but because he doubted his own self-command upon the meeting. That arrogant young man had now taken a decided character; was a loud talker and a bold assertor, and, being under no restraint, gave himself all the latitude, which the actual possession of what he was only presumptive heir to, could have emboldened him to assume.

As for Sir Owen, he was now in the last stage of a decline, never stirred from his chamber, and was considered by all about him as a man, who had not many days to live. In this extremity he dispatched a messenger to Kray Castle to request an interview with his old friend De Lancaster, who immediately put himself in order to obey the summons. As soon as his arrival was announced, Sir Owen dismissed his attendants, and

received his worthy visitor alone in his chamber. After the customary enquiries had passed, the baronet delivered himself as follows—

I have asked this favour of you, my good friend and neighbour, because I perceive myself going out of the world, and, having great esteem and respect for you, I would willingly bid you farewell before I am gone. I have thought very little about death till it has come upon me as it were at once; all I know of the matter is that we must all die, and so, you see, I must take my turn, as others have done before, and every one must do after me. If it had been my good fortune to have made myself acceptable to your amiable daughter, I might have lived to enjoy, as you do now, a healthy old age; but when a man has neither wife nor family nor friend at hand to jog

his memory upon occasion, he will be apt to forget himself at times, and by going too fast come the sooner to his journey's end. That has been my case, friend De Lancaster, and how could it be otherwise. I have none of those resources that you have ; if my house was full of books, they would be of no use to me ; I should not read one of them ; I never had a turn that way. Time was I took delight in hunting my own hounds ; that, you know, is a rational and gentlemanlike amusement, but when I could no longer follow it up, you must think, I was fain to fall upon other means for making away with my time : every man must do that ; and what is so natural as to fly to the pleasure of the table, when we can no longer enjoy the sports of the field ? So long as I could do both, and take them in their turns,



all things went well with me. If a country gentleman like me takes a cup too much over night, he rides it off the next morning, and there's an end of it; but when he is reduced to the helpless situation, in which you now see me, what is to be done? Life becomes a burden, and the sooner we are quit of it, the better.

In truth, my good friend, said De Lancaster, I cannot wonder, if a life, that furnishes no intellectual enjoyments, becomes burdensome: and since it must be resigned when the disposer of our fate sees fit, it is happy for us, when called upon to quit this world, if we find upon reflection that the pleasures of it are not worthy of our regret.

I have had no pleasure in it, replied the dying man, since these people came out of Spain to molest me. Had your daughter heard reason, when I first pro-

posed to her, I might have had a son and heir of my own, British born, and, had that been the case, this mongrel of my brother's fathering, half Jew and half Spaniard, might have been a pedlar, and hawked buckles and buttons about the country to his dying day, for what I had cared : But that is over, and, except the few personals I have willed away to huntsman and other of my friends, together with a keep-sake to your daughter, and my favourite horse Glendowr to my godson, all the real property I am possessed of must go to David by entail, and a despicable David he will be, take my word for it.—

He would have said more, and struggled hard for speech, but his efforts had already exhausted him, and he sunk back in his chair. Robert de Lancaster rung the bell ; the attendants came upon the

summons : The good man cast a pitying look for the last time upon his dying friend and departed.

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## CHAPTER II.

### *Sir Owen ap Owen Dies.*

THE next day Sir Owen died, and upon the opening of his will there was found a bequest to Cecilia De Lancaster of a valuable brilliant diamond, which he used to display upon his finger on certain days of ceremony, and a remembrance to his godson John of his favourite hunter Owen Glendowr. After a proper interval, during which the interment took place, upon enquiry being made for these tokens, answer was given that no diamond ring, as described in the will, could

be found; and as for the horse, they might take him away when they would ; Sir David Owen saw no reason why he should find stable room for him, and had ordered him to be turned out upon the heath.

Galled by this insolent message, our hero with young Williams and two or three domestics of the castle set out upon the search, and having traversed the waste for a considerable time, at length discovered the poor animal, laying in an obscure dell, hamstrung and dead.

When young De Lancaster cast his eyes upon the carcase of this fine animal, and saw the wounds, that had been inflicted on him, it was with the utmost difficulty he could command himself so far as to abstain from any animadversions, that might indicate to the people with him, that his suspicions pointed at

Sir David Owen. He caused them to collect and pile a heap of stones to mark the spot. He sate upon his horse in melancholy silence, whilst this work was going on, and having imposed like forbearance on his party, and completed what he was about, he bade them follow him, and took his course to the castle.

Whilst this was going on consultation was held at the castle with the family lawyer upon the circumstance of the diamond ring. In the discussion of this delicate question the man of law and the man of learning did not quite agree upon the means to be pursued ; but as Davis, although a pertinacious lawyer, had generally more resources at his command than he chose all at once to call out, a compromise was made for time, and the deliberation brought no other point to a conclusion, except that it was agreed

upon to deliberate further on some future occasion.

John now arrived and in his grandfather's hearing simply related his adventure in search of the horse. Mr. De Lancaster was much less reserved upon this subject than he had been on that of the ring. He even declared that the wretch, who had been guilty of so barbarous and malevolent an action was not fit to live : he would give twice the value of the animal to discover the perpetrator, and Davis immediately proposed to issue hand bills, offering a liberal reward for that discovery. To this measure the old gentleman in the warmth of his resentment gave no opposition, and one hundred pounds was determined upon as the premium for information.

As soon as our young hero found himself alone with his friend and tutor.

Wilson, he avowed the most unreserved suspicion of Sir David Owen—Could there be any doubt, he demanded, if the wretch, who would not give the horse the shelter of his stable, could have been any other than the contriver, if not the actual perpetrator, of the cruelty, that had been practised upon him? was there any name too bad for such a spiteful rascal; he would post him upon every whipping post and stocks, in every ale-house, barber's shop and blacksmith's shed throughout the county: he would set a hundred men to work, and erect a pyramid of stones upon the horse's grave, that should perpetuate his infamy to ages.

Heyday, exclaimed Wilson; you are very fertile in devising methods of revenge, and seem to forget, that you have neither yet brought conviction to the criminal, or, if you had, that the law

will put the power of punishment into your hands ; can you not recollect how much more noble it is, how much more becoming of a christian and a gentleman, to forgive than to revenge a wrong ? I must wonder where you found that bitterness of spirit, that would prompt you to entail a never ending animosity upon your respective families. Can you suppose your grandfather, your aunt or your parents could be reconciled to such a proceeding ? Certainly not. I am persuaded therefore you will dismiss all meditations of so revengeful a nature, and wait the event of the measures, which Davis has in hand for discovering the offender, and in the meantime, recollect that if you cannot absolutely avoid entertaining a suspicion, you can at least abstain from publishing it.

I have abstained, he replied, except to-



wards you to whom I open all my heart; but as I am persuaded that the perpetrator of this scandalous action, if ever he is traced to conviction, will be found in the person of him, whom I suspect, before that happens I wish you would contrive to take or send me out of the way; for unless I were to imprison myself in the castle, I might chance to cross upon that unworthy gentleman in my excursions, and indeed, my good sir, I am far from sure, that I should be capable of that self command and forbearance, which you recommend to me.

It is to be presumed, the substance of this conversation was reported at headquarters, for the next morning John was summoned before his grandfather and his aunt in the library, when the former of these addressed him in the following terms.

John De Lancaster and my grandson, attend to what I am about to say to you —I would have you to understand and remember that revenge is not amongst the attributes of a hero, or the virtues of a christian. It behoves me therefore to caution you against it : I hold it as my indispensable duty to apprise you of what is expected from a gentleman of your pure and unpolluted descent through successive generations from times of the remotest antiquity to the present moment, in which you are standing before me, the last and only hope, whereon I rest my fortune and my name. You conceive yourself injured and affronted by a rash and inconsiderate young man, your senior by some few years, who now inherits the title and estate of my late friend and neighbour Sir Owen ap Owen : upon this suspicion, for it

amounts to nothing more, you meditate revenge. Are you quite convinced you can with honour own yourself affronted by him? I will not speak degradingly of any person's family, whether it be Spanish, or whether it be Jewish; but to one, or to the other, of these we must resort for the pedigree of Sir David's mother. I draw no inference from this; I leave it with you for your consideration. Recollect yourself however, my dear child; compute your age, your strength, and, if there were no other bar to your resentment, how are you to execute it? Puerile resentment—What is that? A boyish scuffle it may be; an interchange perhaps of blows; and what is the result of blows?—Eternal enmity—Can the spirit of a De Lancaster endure a blow? Impossible. Sacred and inviolable as the oath of the young Hannibal against

Rome, would be his resolution to avenge himself upon the giver of that blow.

Ah, sir, sir ! exclaimed Cecilia, are you not going from your point, and justifying what you truly said was not fitting either for a hero or a christian? I beg you will allow me to send my nephew out of the room, for I have something to impart to you, that I would not wish him to hear.

John, who knew too well what his aunt alluded to, instantly left the room; but the words were irrevocable; the fatal authority, so congenial with his feeling, had sunk into his heart never to be eradicated.

As soon as he was gone Cecilia apologized to her father for the interruption she had been guilty of; she said, that knowing, as she did, that her nephew

had for a considerable time past harboured resentment against young Owen for a blow, she could not but regret that he should hear a justification of his resentment from such high authority as she feared would outweigh any thing, that his tutor could advise against it.

Whether this remark, which was confessedly not very politic on the part of poor alarmed Cecilia, or the consciousness of having overshot his argument, piqued and disconcerted the good old man, certain it is he did not receive his daughter's apology with his usual suavity and candour, but coldly answered that he was not bound to revoke his opinions merely because they might not chance to conform with those of Mr. Wilson ; and least of all, said he, should I have suspected that you, Cecilia, who have ever

shewn such deference to my authority, should be alarmed lest it might outweigh that of any other person.

Heaven forbid, cries Cecilia, that I should ever fail to reverence that wisdom, which I am of an age to comprehend, but which a youth like my nephew may misconceive and construe not according to reason and its true sense, but according to the bent and impulse of his own passions.

You are right, said De Lancaster, recovering his complacency, you are right, my dear child, and I am sorry that I alluded to the example of young Hannibal, as I have ever disapproved of Hanno for bringing him at so early an age to the altar, and implanting hatred and revenge in his heart by a solemn oath for ever. All this while take notice, I am an enemy to blows ; I never struck your

brother Philip in my life, nor should allow of his striking my grandson John ; at the same time there are blows, that inflict no disgrace ; the blows for instance, that are received in battle, when combating the enemies of our country, where the hero, although bleeding with his wounds, spares the life of the opponent, who asks it of him and submits himself to his mercy. I shall speak upon this more at large to my grandson, and define to him the several characters and descriptions of blows in such a manner, as may enable him to distinguish which may be passed over, and which may not ; copying the example of the Sage Chiron the Centaur, who, when tutoring his pupil young Achilles upon the nature of blows, put a whip into his hand, and set him astride on his own back, threatening at the same time to kick him

off without mercy, if he ventured to make use of it.

With submission to your better judgment, said<sup>d</sup> Cecilia, smiling at the ridiculousness of the allusion, I should conceive it may be well to postpone this lecture till our young Achilles is more able to understand it, and in the meantime, till this matter of the ham-strung horse is cleared up, to send him out of harm's way with his tutor Mr. Wilson, who meditates to pay a visit to his parish, and has, as you well know, repairs and improvements to superintend at his parsonage house, where your people are at work for his accommodation.

Your advice is excellent, my dear Cecilia, cried De Lancaster, rising from his seat, and shall be strictly followed: Let John be off with the lark to morrow morning, and no fear but, in the peace-



ful mansion of the christian teacher of forgiveness, he will recover his tranquillity, and consign all injuries to oblivion.

It was not many minutes after this conversation had passed, when Mr. De Lancaster, addressing himself to his friend Wilson, said—I perceive, my good colonel, that the knowledge, which a man gets in his library is of very little use to himself or others in the world at large : I suspect that I have been reading every thing to no purpose, whilst Cecilia, who has read scarce any thing, is wiser than I am.

Aye my good sir, replied Wilson, 'tis even so : we must carry our grey hairs to school, and learn wisdom of our children. If we would wish to know what the world is about, we must not enquire of those, who are out of it, but of those, who are in it.

## CHAPTER III.

*Our Hero sets out upon a Visit to his Tutor at his Parsonage House. Occurrences by the Way.*

IN a fine autumnal morning, whilst the sun was mounting in the clear horizon, the Reverend Mr. Wilson and his pupil took their departure from the castle. They had not less than twenty Welch computed miles to traverse over a romantic country before they reached the parsonage house at Shells, now prepared for their reception. What were the prospects, that opened upon them by the way, how wild, how various, how sublime, we shall not study to describe, though all the requisites of mountain, wood and water are at our command, and court us to employ them. If these

beautiful objects lost their effect upon our hero John, it was in great part owing to another beautiful object, not then present, which greatly occupied his thoughts, as the immediate scene of his meditation just then laid at Denbigh, where the young Amelia, unseen but not forgotten, still kept possession of his heart. The point, towards which he was shaping his course, would bring him nearer to Denbigh by more than half the distance between that place and Kray Castle, and though his mind was not perfectly at peace with respect to Mrs. Jennings, he felt every tender sentiment for her unoffending charge, and cherished a fond hope that some happy opportunity might occur to repay him for the disappointment he had met with and the long absence he had endured.

Whilst our young hero, wholly occu-

pied in these meditations, was incautiously riding along a slippery path in his descent from the heights, his horse's footing failed him and he fell upon his knees: being an active horseman he lost neither his seat nor his temper, but it brought other ideas to his recollection, and turning to his companion he calmly observed, that had his favourite Glendowr been under him, nothing of that sort could have happened—and what a treasure, added he, have I been defrauded of? what kind of heart must that man have who could turn a fine animal, that had been cloathed and pampered in the stable, naked on a barren heath, only because an uncle, who had left him every thing else, had bequeathed this one token of his remembrance to me as his godson?

At this instant lawyer Davis rode up to them on a brisk gallop, and saluting

them as he reined in his horse, cried out—  
Well met, gentlemen; I thought I kenn'd  
you as I crossed the hill, and hastened  
to give you the intelligence, that I am  
carrying to the castle, of my having got  
such information, as will secure ample  
damages for the loss of Sir Owen's legacy  
of the horse, and expose to the world one  
of the basest and most rascally transac-  
tions, that was ever brought to light.

As Davis uttered these words young  
John De Lancaster turned a look upon  
Mr. Wilson that could not fail to be  
understood, and desired Davis to relate  
the particulars—They are soon told, he  
replied, for the informer Joe Johnson,  
who was feeder to Sir Owen's hounds, has  
deposed, that by the express order of his  
present master the young baronet he took  
the horse called Owen Glendowr out of  
the stable in the evening of the 12th in-

stant, and accompanied by the said Sir David led him to a bye spot on the mountain, where in a dell they contrived by ropes to cast, and then and there to hamstring him by deep incisions on the sinews of his legs, leaving the poor mangled animal to expire in tortures. Johnson describes his reluctance to obey commands of so barbarous a nature, but his master was peremptory, and had caused him to be plied with liquor till he was so intoxicated, that unless Sir David himself had assisted in the act, he could not have executed it.

Davis having related these particulars, addressing himself to Mr. Edward Wilson, added—'Tis a villainous business, reverend sir, a very villainous business, and if old Mr. De Lancaster shall think fit to bring it into court, I would not be in Sir David's case for his estate. Mr.

De Lancaster will do no such thing, said Wilson; that you may rely upon—No, no, cried John, 'tis not a case to be settled in that way: I'm satisfied my grandfather will not resort to the law, nor accept of any compensation for the injury I have suffered from Sir David Owen and his dog-kennel accomplice. The man, who degrades his character by an action of that sort, puts his person out of the reach of a gentleman's resentment.

This said, the conference broke off: the companions proceeded on their way, and Davis shaped his course towards the mansion of De Lancaster.

When there arrived and admitted to an audience in the library, he stated facts rather more circumstantially from the chair than he had done from the saddle, and having concluded, the old gentleman

remained silent for some time, pondering in his mind the measures he should take : at length, breaking forth in a tone, that bespoke his resolution formed, he said— Davis, we must save this wretched young man, if it be possible. He, who has dabbled in the blood of an animal, may be wrought by desperation to attempt the life of a fellow creature : he is young, and may be turned to better thoughts ; I am old, and must not be extreme in justice : Furthermore, I must confess to you, Davis, that I am not quite reconciled to the means we have taken for eliciting this information from a scoundrel dog-feeder by the lure of a reward. Your law, I know, allows it ; but your law and my conscience do not always harmonize. This very fellow, whom we have paid for confessing the



act, was probably paid also for committing it: that is a traffic in iniquity, which I am sorry to have countenanced. However I will write to Mrs. David Owen, who in her twofold capacity of mother and guardian, seems the properest person to recall this young offender to a due contrition for his offence.

I should doubt that, Davis replied; I am much afraid, worthy sir, you would not mend your chance by that appeal; for I have another unlucky evidence in my possession of a damned Jew's trick in the article of the diamond ring—

Speak to the point, friend Davis, said the old gentleman, but spare your expletives; for oaths are not ornaments to an honest man's discourse—

I ask pardon, rejoined Davis; but really, sir, when one hears of such scan-

dalous practices, as are carried on in that family between mother and son, it is enough to make a parson swear—

I should hope not, said De Lancaster; but what do you allude to?—

Why you must know, replied the lawyer, I had my suspicions that all was not right in the going of the diamond ring, bequeathed to Madam Cecilia, and reported *non est inventus*; so it came into my mind, that it might not be amiss to put the old proverb into practice, and set a thief to catch a thief—

Speak, if you please, without a proverb, said the good old man; I shall comprehend you better; for in my opinion, Mr. Davis, when our conversation is to turn upon thieves, the sooner it is concluded, so that we may dismiss them from our thoughts, the better it will be for us both,

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Humanity of De Lancaster is not permitted to obtain its End.*

OUR readers will recollect a certain Jew pedlar, Israel Lyons by name, of whom we have heretofore made mention: this man was in the habit of employing Davis as his man of business for collecting debts, and enforcing payments. In the course of his late circuit he had called upon him, and consulted him upon a secret transaction he had engaged in with Mrs. Owen respecting a diamond ring of considerable value, which he was to dispose of in Holland on her account, and for which he had deposited security in her hands. Upon the production of this ring Davis instantly recognised it to be the very ring devised to Cecilia by Sir Owen in his will. Lyons, who

immediately saw the danger of his negotiation in its proper light, readily consented to accompany Davis to Kray Castle for the purpose of more fully identifying the ring, and to this it was that Davis alluded, when he was answered by De Lancaster, as was related in the preceding chapter. He now shewed the ring to that gentleman, who no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than he said—Put it by ! I am satisfied.

So was not Davis, but importunately demanded how he was to proceed—Not at all, replied De Lancaster, not at all. I am neither prepared to blast the heir of the Owens for the consideration of a horse, which I can replace from my own stable, nor the mother of that heir for a bauble, which I desire you will return to the pedlar, and take care that I have

no concern with dog-feeders, or with Jews.

Davis, struck with astonishment, exclaimed—This is above my comprehension ; it must be as you please ; but you will give me leave to take care of myself, and keep out of the scrape of compromising felony.

With these words he departed, and a servant, entering the room at the same moment, announced the names of three gentlemen, who solicited a private conference with Mr. De Lancaster ; they were persons of respectability in the county, but not in the habit of visiting at the castle, being of the opposite party in politics, and zealously attached to the interests of the ancient house of Owen.

The venerable owner of Kray Castle

met them at the door of his apartment, and received them with all possible courtesy and respect. When they were seated, Sir Arthur Floyd (a name not new to the reader of this history) opened the business as follows—

We wait upon you, Mr. De Lancaster, as friends of the lately deceased Sir Owen ap Owen, and in virtue of the regard, in which we hold his memory, are solicitous to preserve the like good opinion of the successor to his estate and title. A report, which, if true, would stamp indelible disgrace upon his character, has reached us, relative to his treatment of a certain favourite horse, which our departed friend bequeathed to your grandson; we know you lived on terms of friendship with Sir Owen, and we trust you will participate in our motives, when we request you (who must of course be ac-

quainted with the particulars, we are anxious to be informed of) to say whether or not there is any foundation for the report we allude to.

Gentlemen, said De Lancaster, it is a fact that the horse, which you describe as a favourite of my late friend, was bequeathed by him to my grandson John.

And is your grandson now in possession of that horse? In plainer terms, is the horse alive? This question was not put by Sir Arthur Floyd, and Mr. De Lancaster, turning to him, with some discomposure demanded, if it were expected of him to answer all manner of interrogatories in a case, which he was desirous of dismissing from his thoughts.

To this Sir Arthur Floyd replied, that with all imaginable respect for his character as a gentleman of the highest

honour, they did expect of him to answer all such questions, as might be honourably put to him in the matter of a charge so fatal to the reputation of Sir David Owen, if true ; so injurious, if false. We presume also to remind you, sir, that where the name of De Lancaster is attached to a report, it is such an authority as no man can dispute, and of course no man ought to doubt. Upon a point of honour therefore, which by consequence affects yourself not less than it does us, we conjure you to tell us plainly whether the horse be dead or living.

The horse is dead ; in that state he was found by my grandson and his servant on the heath.

You will permit us to ask, said one of the party, if there were not marks of violence upon the carcase ; in short, sir, was not the horse hamstrung upon all his legs ?



I am told he was.

Was there any enquiry made as to the perpetrator, or perpetrators, of that butchery?

I am constrained to say there was. Lawyer Davis made enquiry.

And when lawyer Davis traced out the perpetrators of that most shameful act, have the goodness to inform us whether he did, or did not, find evidence to implicate Sir David Owen as a party in the act itself.

Let lawyer Davis answer that himself, replied De Lancaster in a firm tone of voice; I decline it, and you must excuse me.

We shall refer ourselves to lawyer Davis, said the spokesman, and we hope you will permit your grandson and his servant to attend on the occasion. If we find Sir David Owen guilty on the

charge, this will be no country for him to live in; at least he cannot live in it with us. In the mean time we thank you, worthy sir, for your very handsome reception of us, and shall be ever forward to bear testimony to your candour and delicacy towards the character of a most unhappy young man, if our fears prove true. We are sensible, Mr. De Lancaster, you could have said much more, and we know that it was honour alone, that extorted from you what you did say, and generosity, that suppressed what you did not say.

The party were now rising to take their leave, when the old gentleman entreated their patience for a few minutes—we have been discoursing, he said, upon a very unpleasant subject. The young man, who now wears the title of my departed friend, is just entering on the

world, and being native of another country, and not educated amongst us; may perhaps have been betrayed into some irregularities, that cannot stand a rigid scrutiny; I will venture therefore to submit to you, whether it may not be advisable to let this affair pass over without any further investigation, assured as you may be, that the charge shall never be stirred by me, or any one of my family.

To this Sir Arthur Floyd made answer as follows—What you have now proposed to us, Mr. De Lancaster, is a proof of that candour and benignity, which have ever marked your character; but you know full well what has long been the state of party interests in this county, and to which side we have hitherto adhered; you must also be aware that the day is not far off, when probably we must again declare ourselves: It behoves us

therefore to be made secure of the honour and character of that gentleman, young although he is, on whom that consequence and leading interest have devolved, which we have been accustomed to look up to. We must therefore in our own justification decline your generous proposal, which we are convinced you would not have made, had you not been satisfied, or suspicious at least, of the young man's criminality.

This said they rose, and with much courteous ceremony on both sides took their leave, and departed.

## CHAPTER V.

*Philip De Lancaster sets out upon his Travels.*

WHEN De Lancaster had reseated himself in his chair; and devoted a few minutes to meditation, the door of his library was opened, and our young hero respectfully approached him to receive his welcome and embrace.

What brings thee hither, John De Lancaster? said the grandfather.

My father sent for me.

That's true; that's true. He would take his leave of you before he sets out upon his journey to the south of France. An opinion has prevailed that your mother must winter in a warmer climate, and your father is going to make preparations for her residence at Montpellier. Upon these occasions I do not chuse to interpose: he will follow his own fancy, and that is about as likely to lead him to

Jerusalem as to Montpelier: and your mother, John, your mother, never will go hence but to her grave. Nature is in absolute decay; her vital powers are exhausted, and Llewellyn either knows her inability to undertake the journey, or is blockhead enough to believe it practicable, and knows nothing of his business. You will say, why do I not dissuade your father from setting out upon this fruitless journey? I answer, because it is not worth my while; for whom does it concern in what spot of earth upon this habitable globe a listless creature does out unprofitable time? Let him go, let him go; I rest no further hopes on him. The tree, which emblematically bears the fortunes of my house, is withering at the top, dead in its middle branches, whilst there is yet one scyon, that has life and vigour: Yes, my child, I am passing

away ; thy father is gone by, but thou, with the blessing of providence, art springing up and bursting into bloom. I have thy tutor's testimony strongly vouched in thy favour, and with rapture I contemplate the auspicious promise of those dawning virtues, which in the riper character of the man will be the ornament and safe-guard of our ancient stock. And now, John, I must apprise thee of an affair, that will put those virtues to the test. Some neighbouring gentlemen, who are amongst the chief supporters of the Owen interest, have this morning been with me to enquire into the circumstances of Sir David's treatment of you in the matter of the horse bequeathed to you by your godfather ; and they are determined to call upon you and Davis for your evidence, that they may sift it to the bottom.

With all my heart, cried John, the colour mounting to his cheeks. I desire nothing better than to meet Sir David Owen face to face, and depose what I know of that rascally transaction in the most public manner before all his friends, be they who they may.

Hold, hold, my child, said De Lancaster, you must not forget how much modesty and forbearance become your years. You must put all angry thoughts aside, when you are called upon to speak the truth without prejudice or animosity; and that you may be kept in mind of that duty, I shall desire your worthy tutor to accompany you to that discussion.

I hope you will not think that necessary, John replied, for if I have nothing to do but to speak the truth, I trust I do not want a tutor to teach me that.

Go then, said De Lancaster; be it as



thou sayest ! for I perceive the spirit of my race, which has passèd over thy father, descends upon thee. Go, when thou art called for ; but remember, truth must not be told with aggravation, nor in our resort to justice must we gratify revenge.

At this moment Mr. Philip De Lancaster walked into the room, and addressing himself after his cool mannèr to his son—You are come just in time, he said, for I have taken leave of your mother, and have nothing to do but to pay my duty to my father, and set out upon my journey. I leave you in the care of such good friends, that you stand in no need of any advice from me ; and, if you did, I know not what else I could say to you, but to recommmend it to you to be a good boy, to pay attention to your tutor, to carry yourself dutifully to your grand-

father, mother and aunt, to recollect that you are but a child in age and understanding, and in a word to mind your book and say your prayers. Now go up to your mother ; she expects you in her bed chamber ; tread softly, (do you mind) and be careful of alarming her, for, though she bore parting from me with perfect tranquillity, the least noise will shake her nerves, and throw her into tremors.

I shall observe your caution, sir, the youth replied ; but if it is your pleasure that I should attend upon you again before you take your departure, I will simply pay my duty to my mother, and wait upon you to your carriage.

No, no, child, cried the father, there is no occasion for that ceremony. I don't wish any body to attend upon me.

to my carriage, but the servant, that goes with me.

The disappointed youth cast a parting look of sensibility on his father, bowed respectfully and left the room.

I perceive, son Philip, said the old gentleman, that, nearly allied as you are to my grandson John, you are not acquainted with his manly character, when you talk to him as to a child—but of this we will say no more—so long as I have life his education will be my care, and at my death it will be found I have not been less careful of his interest. You are now going to the continent, and I sincerely wish you health and a pleasant tour; but if you calculate upon Mrs. De Lancaster's chance of ever reaching Montpelier, I greatly fear you will be disappointed, and I therefore recommend

it to you to postpone providing an establishment for her there or elsewhere, till you are further advised from us. Your equipage I see is waiting, and nothing remains for me, but to bid you heartily farewell.

This said, they both rose, embraced and parted never to meet again.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### *Dark Doings at the Abbey of Penruth.*

WHEN long disease hath sapped the vital powers, and death creeps on by painless slow approaches, the mind is oftentimes observed to assume a dignified composure, and even an elevation of sentiment, which did not appear to belong to it in the body's better health :

so it was with the mother of our hero: She was reposing on her couch with Cecilia sitting by her side, and when her son approached raised herself up to receive him—I am delighted to see you, my dear child, she said, and I hope your grandfather will consent to your residing in the castle for the very short time I have yet to live: though I have little strength to hold discourse with you, yet it is a consolation to know you are within my call, and that, so long as sight is not taken from me, I may gratify that sense—nay, my beloved son, don't shed a tear for me—rather rejoice that I am drawing near to the end of a dull journey, joyless at the best, and not less wearisome to others than to myself. I have parted from your father: if he persuades himself that I shall follow him, it is a harmless delusion; if he does

not, it is a commodious plea to escape a trouble, and exchange a melancholy scene for an amusing one ; at all events, whatever object he may have in view, I hope that you, who have never experienced his care, will have no occasion to lament his absence.

To this John made some answer not necessary to record, when by a signal from his aunt understanding that his mother stood in need of silence and repose, he took the hint and quietly departed. The project of his passing a few weeks with Mr. Wilson at the parsonage was now laid aside, and in compliance with his mother's wishes, he resumed his station and his studies at the castle, holding himself ever ready to obey her summons, when she wished to see him.

The next morning brought Sir Arthur Floyd once more to the castle. He

came to ask the favour of young De Lancaster's company at his own house, and that he would allow his servant Williams to attend together with lawyer Davis, who would provide himself with the deposition of Sir David's feeder. It was matter of no small regret to the good old man that these gentlemen were so resolute to persist in their investigation of this odious business, but having pledged his word, he would not retract it, and young John who had not all those repugnant feelings, which his grandfather had, was speedily equipped, and having put himself under the convoy of Sir Arthur Floyd, soon found himself in his conductor's house, and greeted with all possible politeness by the gentlemen there assembled. Sir David Owen was not yet arrived, and some began to doubt if he would attend the meeting.

At length he was discovered coming down the avenue, followed by his huntsman and his groom, himself and his attendants being in the uniform of the hunt.

Upon his entering the room, where the company had assembled, he either did not see, or chose to take no notice of De Lancaster: but observing to the gentlemen, that having understood them to be called together for the purpose of arranging the rules and regulations of the union hunt, he expected to have found them in their proper colours, and wished to be informed if any thing had occurred to give them dissatisfaction.

We naturally expect that question from you, said Sir Arthur Floyd, and are prepared to answer, that until you can vindicate yourself from a charge, that is made against you, we are and ought to



be dissatisfied, and therefore it is we do not shew our colours, till we are convinced by you we need not be ashamed to wear them.

How am I to convince you of that, gentlemen, but by wearing them myself? However as you insinuate, that a charge is made against me, let me know the nature of that charge, and who it is, that presumes to circulate any thing to my discredit.

Hear me with patience, Sir Arthur replied, and I will state it to you without aggravation. You are suspected to have mal-treated the favourite horse Glendowr, which your uncle left by will to this young gentleman, Mr. John De Lancaster, here present.

I see that he is present, but I do not see the right by which he meets the members of a hunt, that he has no concern

with. He is here however ; such is your pleasure, and I presume he is here for some purpose, best known to yourselves. I am suspected, it seems : what answer can I give to that ? Can you substantiate any charge against me ? If you can, state it.

This it is, said Sir Arthur, rising from his seat—The horse, that consistently with the manners of a gentleman, ought to have been delivered according to the purport of your uncle's will, or at least carefully retained in your stable, was unhandsomely turned out upon the mountain, and there found hamstrung in every leg, most barbarously and feloniously mangled, and lying dead upon the ground.

Who found him there ?

I found him, young De Lancaster replied ; I and my servant found him there,

and in that very condition, which you have heard described.

Well, if you did, what is all that to me?

It is to you, rejoined Sir Arthur Floyd, if the deposition of your own menial servant, charging you as the instigator to, and accomplice in, that barbarous act, cannot be done away. This man is now waiting with Mr. Davis the attorney, ready to substantiate his averment upon oath, and I am the magistrate, that will administer it to him, if you so require.

Not I, not I, exclaimed the haughty culprit: I will not condescend to answer to a charge, that is evidenced by a dog-feeder, contrived, abetted and encouraged by a mercenary attorney. I came to meet you here as brother sportsmen, I find you what I will not say. As for that attorney, whom I know to be in the pay and employ of my enemy, I hold him

as a wretch too despicable for any notice on my own account ; let him propagate and pursue his charge against me as he will, I care not ; but I accuse him, and will have him prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law, as the slanderer and defamer of my innocent and injured mother.

Davis, who had entered the room, unseen of young Owen, and planted himself behind his chair, now stepped forward, and demanded to know of what he was accused. It was not immediately that the arrogance of this hardened youth, thus taken by surprise, could recover from his embarrassment ; at length, after some hesitation, being again called upon to explain himself, he turned to Davis with an assumed air of bravery, and said — I am given to understand you have not scrupled to affix upon my mother Mrs.

Owen the abominable scandal of having secreted a valuable diamond ring, which appears in my uncle's will as a legacy to Mrs. Cecilia De Lancaster; but which ring after the minutest search is no where to be found. This I aver to be a libel of the grossest sort.

And so it would be, I confess, said Davis, were I not provided with evidence to prove that this same valuable diamond ring was found by Mrs. Owen, and by her consigned to the Jew Israel Lyons, under the seal of secrecy, and upon security by him given for the value, to be by him taken out of the kingdom and sold in Holland on her account and for her emolument. I have the ring here in my hand ready to produce, the very ring, which was bequeathed by your uncle, and which you say could not be found amongst the effects of the de-

ceased. Bear witness for me, gentlemen, I am compelled to produce this article in my own defence, and do not voluntarily disobey the positive injunctions of my worthy patron Mr. De Lancaster, who honourably commanded me to stifle the discovery, and put up with any injuries rather than expose the parties to shame, so much more care had that good gentleman for them than they have had for themselves ; but thus accused, and forced on my defence, what could I do but what I now have done ?

To this no answer was attempted : astonishment seized the company : Sir David Owen started from his seat, and glancing a malicious look upon our young hero as he passed him—I'll not forget you, sir, he cried : the time will come when you shall hear of this.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Events consequential of the Meeting at Sir Arthur Floyd's. The last Chapter of the Second Book.*

As soon as the convicted baronet had made his hasty exit, the parties present in their court of honour on the spot unanimously adjudged him infamous, and with one voice voted him unworthy of their acquaintance. The question was stirred if any notice should be taken of the ring, produced by Davis in his own defence : To this it was objected, that as it had no concern with the case immediately before them, it was conceived advisable to pass it over, and leave Mr. De Lancaster to act as he saw fit. They had heard with indignation the insolent menace, which Owen had thrown out as he was leaving the room,

and they unanimously besought our hero to treat it with its due contempt; Sir Arthur Floyd in particular insisted upon his right, as master of the house, to take all such affronts upon himself: John made his acknowledgment to the speaker with a respectful bow, but offered no reply.

When he called for his horse to return to the castle, they were six in number, all principal supporters of the Owen interest, who mounted at the same time, and having escorted him every step of the way to his home, rode with him into the castle court, where the venerable host, summoned by the tolling of his porter's bell, presented himself to bid them welcome at the great hall door: his orange-tawney livery-men stood behind him in their files, and he ushered them into the saloon, where they were



received in form by Cecilia, who was there attending with Colonel Wilson and his son Edward, the preceptor of their companion John.

When all introductory ceremonials were over, Sir Arthur Floyd, their spokesman as before, recounted briefly what had passed, and the resolution they had taken of abandoning an unworthy connection, and for the future giving their support decidedly in favour of the house of Lancaster, whenever opportunity presented itself of demonstrating their attachment.

To this De Lancaster made answer, that the honour they conferred upon him, was at once so unexpected and so unmerited, that he felt himself ill prepared to find expressions, that might do justice to his feelings.—My holdings, he said, in this county, it is well known are not

of yesterday ; they have devolved upon me through a series of ancestors, in whose steps I have endeavoured to tread, and to whose politics and opinions, (as far as I could guess what they would have been in these times by what they appear to have been in their own) I have steadily adhered. Little as I know of the secrets of government, I may have been in error ; but if I have been pertinacious in opinion, I trust I have never been found illiberal or unneighbourly to those honourable gentlemen, who differed from me. I lived in friendship with Sir Owen, and we never suffered politics to damp the harmony of our social hours. I lamented his death ; but the disgrace, that has fallen on his family in the person of his successor, is to me extremely grievous : I fear it has gone too far to be entirely remedied, but some alleviation may perhaps be thought of, if

in addition to the honour you have already shewn me, you will be pleased to confirm our friendly contract by consenting to partake my homely meal.

The hospitality of Kray Castle was in no danger of being put out of countenance by any want of preparation; the guests sat down to a plenteous board, and the genius of Cecilia added elegance to abundance. What the benevolence of De Lancaster could obtain for Sir David Owen amounted only to a general promise, that the affair should be allowed to sleep, and no further notice taken of any thing, that passed during the discussion at Sir Arthur Floyd's.

It is to be presumed that De Lancaster was punctilious in returning the visit of every gentleman, who had dined with him at the castle. On these occasions he was constantly accompanied by his

grandson, so that the old state coach and fat horses were for a time in more than ordinary requisition.

Whilst they were upon a visit at Sir Arthur Floyd's a very beautiful horse, which was purposely led out of the stable, attracted every body's notice, and particularly that of our young hero, who ran out of doors to have a nearer view of him. A little stable-boy was mounted on his back, and put him through his paces on the lawn before the house: the gentleness of the fine animal was as much to be admired as the beauty. John was asked if he would back him; the proposal was immediately accepted, and as there was a fine expanse of lawn for John's equestrian performances, he took a considerable circuit, and having given a very handsome specimen of his jockeyship, returned in perfect raptures with the

horse, pronouncing him to be incomparably the best he had ever mounted, his lamented favourite Glendowr alone excepted. The horse was put into the stable, and nothing more passed upon the subject at that time.

In the evening John returned with his grandfather to the castle, when upon stepping out of the coach, a letter was put into his hand, that had the signature of the several gentlemen of the new coalition, and was to the following purport—

“ Dear Sir,

As you seemed pleased with the horse, which we invited you to make trial of, we have taken the liberty of putting him into your stable, and jointly request that you will not refuse to gratify us by your acceptance of him.

When we tell you he is full brother to Glendowr, we flatter ourselves we cannot better recommend him to you, and when we assure you, that we can no otherwise be reconciled to the disgrace of our late connection with Sir David Owen, except by your allowing us to present you with this token of our esteem, we trust you will not mortify us by a refusal.

We have the honour to be,

&c. &c."

Though John was highly delighted with this present, he did not consider himself secure in the possession of it, till he had submitted the letter to his grandfather. The good old man was under no difficulty as to his decision, for luckily this was one of the few questions, that in his contemplation did not wear two

faces ; so that he said at once, applying himself to his friend Colonel Wilson—I see no reason why my grandson should decline this very handsome compliment.

There is no reason, said the colonel.

And why is there none ? rejoined the other : why, but because a horse, or a sword, is by all the rules of chivalry, a present of honour, which it is no degradation to accept, though it were tendered to a general or a prince ?

I conceive it degrades no man to accept a present from a friend.

I am not sure of that. Friendship can sanctify many things, but not all. An equipoise of favours is essential to friendship, but an overweight throws it out of its balance : it then becomes patronage, and the party obliged incurs a debt, which although it be the debt of gratitude, entails a duty upon him, and is not

of the true spirit of friendship. Therefore it is that a king can hardly have a real friend—"Gods, how I should love Augustus, said a certain Roman, if he were not Cæsar." The anecdote is to the point of my remark.

I dare say it is, said the Colonel, but I cannot exactly understand how it applies to the point in question.

If you allude to the question whether my grandson John should accept the horse, that is settled; there cannot be two opinions in that case: favours of that sort are not to be refused.

I rejoice to hear it, rejoined the colonel, for I consider it as an earnest of future favours, when my friend John shall be of age to take the duties of our county member on himself, unanimously chosen.

Ah my good friend, said the old man and sighed, that day is distant, and that



chance is doubtful : in the meantime my all depends upon a single stake, and though your worthy son is he of all mankind, in whom I can repose the fullest trust, yet in the life of that beloved youth, on whom I rest my hopes, there is a period yet to pass full of alarm and danger. John has an ardent spirit, and I fear is much more likely to resent affronts than treat them with contempt. If this malicious Owen is to live amongst us, and persist in his unworthy practices, I can foresee the time must come, when my brave boy will bring him to account. Who can prevent it ? not the donors of his horse ; their handsome present may repair his loss, but will it make atonement for the insult he has received ? What can I do ? I am not the man to talk to him : young as he is, he has possessed himself of my sentiments, and I

cannot retract what I have said. Talk to him yourself ; you are a soldier, and upon a point of honour no man can speak with more authority : try if you can persuade him to think as you do.

Were I to do that, my good sir, replied the colonel, I fear your grandson would not derive security of person from the rules of practice, that men of my profession are compelled to follow ; but I can hold my tongue, and that is quite as much as I will undertake for in any case, where the honour of your family is brought into question. I love your gallant boy ; every body loves him ; but what I would not say to my own son, I could not say to him. I am however inclined to believe that Sir David Owen will in no future time find resolution to insult your grandson ; but, if he does, I cannot find

resolution to dissuade him from taking proper notice of it.

Well! let it pass, resumed De Lancaster. My boy must take his fate. I had no right to look for other sentiments from you, and if they are, as I suspect, irreconcilable to reason and religion, we are both of us I fear in the same condemnation.

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If in the long course of my literary labours I had been less studious to adhere to nature and simplicity, I am perfectly convinced I should have stood higher in estimation with the purchasers of copy rights, and probably been read and patronized by my contemporaries in the proportion of ten to one. To acquire a popularity of name, which might set

the speculating publishers upon out-bidding one another for an embryo work (perhaps in meditation only) seems to be as proud and enviable a pre-eminence as human genius can arrive at : but if that pre-eminence has been acquired by a fashion of writing, that luckily falls in with the prevailing taste for the romantic and unnatural, that writer, whosoever he may be, has only made his advantage of the present hour, and forfeited his claim upon the time to come : having paid this tribute to popularity, he certainly may enjoy the profits of deception, and take his chance for being marked out by posterity (whenever a true taste for nature shall revive) as the misleader and impostor of the age he lived in.

The circulation of a work is propagated by the cry of the many ; its perpetuity is established by the fiat of the few.

If we have no concern for our good name after we have left this world, how do we greatly differ from the robber and assassin?—But this is nothing but an old man's prattle. Nobody regards it—We will return to our history.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

## BOOK THE THIRD.

## CHAPTER I.

*The Mother of our Hero, being at the Point of Death, takes her last Farewell of her Father-in-law.*

THE order of our history requires us to attend upon the worthy grandfather of our hero to the death-bed of his daughter-in-law, who had expressed a wish to see him. She took his hand, and pressing it to her heart, said—I thank you, sir, for this and all the proofs of kindness, which you have uniformly been pleased to show me, though I am conscious it has never been my happy lot to contribute to your comforts, or to reflect either grace or ornament upon your family, even in the slightest degree,

Of your son my husband I forbear to speak ; when he took his departure, and left me on the plea of providing a retreat for me upon the continent, I was too well apprised of my situation not to know that we should meet no more, and under that impression I took leave of him for ever. I have given an heir to your name and family, for whose dear sake, from his birth to the present moment, my agitated heart, though I have laboured to appear composed, has secretly been racked with sad forebodings. I am a woman, sir, and those presentiments, which your strong sense would spurn, sink deep in my weak mind—

Here her speech failed her ; her breath fluttered, and quitting the hand of De Lancaster, she snatched at the sheet, as if convulsion had began to seize her. Cecilia was at hand, but tears had

furnished the relief, which she was advancing to administer, and the subject, which this short alarm had interrupted, was resumed as follows—

My seeming dereliction of that darling child must have degraded me in your opinion ; you could not fail to think me void of those affections, which are natural to a mother, and despised me for my seeming insensibility. Alas, how very different was the state of my too fond, too feeling heart ! But there were reasons, over-ruling reasons—I cannot tell them now—They will come to your knowledge—Let the charge lie by, till the defence can meet it. It would have blessed me to have seen my father ; but he cannot come to me, and when I go to him, it will be only in my body's passage to its grave. He has kindly anticipated my wishes, by leaving my dear son sole heir



of his estate. Though it is but little that I have to devise, yet I have made a will; for so much in it as concerns my son, I trust he will fulfil the obligations I impose upon him. If he shall live to be of age, and you survive, (which Heaven in mercy grant) to see that day, all may be well: I leave him in your care; I have done so always, and have kept my word; I have not made him that disgustful thing, a mother's favourite son. Ah sir, correct the errors of his youth, but control not the affections of his heart. If, overlooking rank and fortune, they should honourably and worthily be fixt on merit in obscurity, do not I implore you—it is my last my dying petition—do not oppose his choice. There is an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—oh, if she—if she should—

Whilst these words were yet upon her

lips, she sunk down upon her bed as one, whose life had left her in that moment. Whilst Cecilia and the women in attendance were busied in assisting her, De Lancaster stood in deep and pensive meditation with his eyes fixed upon her pallid countenance, and as the tear dropt upon his aged cheek, he said to his daughter—Your endeavours to restore her will be fruitless: and, if an easy death is what we helpless mortals ought to wish for, 'tis hardly to be hoped you may.

This said, he withdrew, and turning into the gallery discovered John alone, and intent upon the perusal of a paper, which upon seeing his grandfather he hastily folded up and thrust into his pocket.

John, I would speak to you, said the old gentleman, and bidding him sit down,

addressed him in these words—Young as you are, you are not now to learn what a precarious tenure we frail mortals hold in any thing on this side death, to which we all must come.

I understand you, sir ; you come to tell me of my mother's death.

Not altogether so ; but if I did, I can believe your excellent preceptor has prepared you to meet misfortune as becomes you. Methinks you hardly can have glanced your eye upon a single page in any moral book, that does not give you lessons of that sort. Even your pagan poets, whilst with idle levity they counsel you to devote your time to pleasure, give you at least fair warning of its shortness.

True, sir, but we have better masters than they are, to whom we may apply. I am aware that there are no hopes for

my poor mother; and it is nothing strange that she should die, who for years past can hardly have been said to live: but that my father, seeing her condition, could leave her almost in the article of death, is matter of astonishment to me.

Such is his nature, John; and whether we must call it the defect of head or heart is more than I can tell. He is gone however, whither I know not, and she, poor soul, who has known little happiness on earth, is going where alone it can be sought. Her last care was for you.—Something there was, some wish that seemed to weigh upon her heart; but in her effort to express it, nature failed her, and she fainted.

That—that indeed—cried John, was most unfortunate. Did she let fall no words to guide conjecture?

Her words, De Lancaster replied, I am perfect in—"There was an humble being in the world, lovely and full of promise—Oh, if she—if she should"—There she stopt.

It is enough! John cried. I'll wait here with your leave till I am permitted to pay my last sad duty to a parent, whom I have known but at the close of life.

As Mr. De Lancaster was rising to depart, it occurred to him to enquire about the paper, which John had so hastily thrust into his pocket—Let me know, he said, what you were reading so attentively when I entered the gallery. It seemed a letter, and by the eagerness with which you put it up, I suspect it may contain some interesting matter; If so, John, you hardly will conceal it from me.

Certainly not, replied the youth, if you

command me to produce it; but I am sorry that you noticed it, for it will only bring to your recollection a subject totally unworthy of your thoughts at any time, especially in a moment like the present. It is, as you supposed, a letter; an insolent one you may well believe, for it comes from Sir David Owen; but as he has quitted the country, I hope you will not ask to see the favour he has bestowed on me at parting.

Grandson, resumed De Lancaster, I am become too much a party in the subject you allude to, not to be interested in whatever correspondence you may hold with that dishonourable young man; therefore let me see what he has written to you.

This authoritative order was instantly obeyed; the letter was delivered, and De Lancaster read as follows—

“ You have begun very early in life, young gentleman, to take a decided part against me and my family, and you are not to wonder, if henceforward and for ever I shall be found to act with reciprocal hostility towards you and your’s.

“ You have arraigned my character in the matter of the horse, and the oldest and firmest friends of my house have been spirited away by your grandfather to desert me, and attach themselves to him—Do you flatter yourself I can forget this? Are you weak enough to suppose I will forgive it?

“ By the right I have over the cattle in my keeping I turned that horse out of my stables, and I am free to own it was no recommendation to me, that you assumed to have a claim to him, which claim you neglected, or was ashamed, to make.

"As for the ring, which your attorney was instructed to demand, my mother, who is not obliged, nor expected to recognise what she never saw, has nothing to do with the charge: she has nevertheless given it up to your said attorney, and your aunt is at liberty to wear it; my consolation is, she can wear no ring of my uncle's giving but as a legatee.

"As I am not a native of your island, I am leaving it without regret. Don't persuade yourself however that I shall forget what has passed, or forfeit any opportunity of avenging my injured honour.

David ap Owen."



## CHAPTER II.

*The Mother of our Hero dies.*

De Lancaster having read the letter, inserted in our preceding chapter, and for a few moments pondered on the contents of it, was about to put it into his pocket, when his grandson eagerly requested that he would allow him to keep possession of it—Of what use can it be to you, said the old gentleman;

It will remind me, John replied, that I owe the writer of it an answer.

And what sort of answer would you wish to give him.

Exactly such an one, as becomes your grandson.

And what is so becoming as forgiveness?

The writer does not seem to be of that opinion.

Who cares for his opinion, cried De Lancaster? An inconsiderate, rash, intemperate boy—Let me rather recommend to you the opinion and example of Pisistratus, who, when supreme in Athens, where every man's life was in his power, had the magnanimity to forgive the brutal insult of Thrasippus, who, when heated with wine, after venting all the foulest words his malice could suggest, turned upon Pisistratus, as he was graciously soliciting him to resume his seat at the table, and vented his filthy rheum in his face: here is a noble instance of forbearance for you, my dear John: imitate Pisistratus!

Then I must be endowed with the power of Pisistratus, John replied, before I can aspire to emulate his forbearance: you must also allow Sir David Owen the plea of drunkenness and of course

the loss of reason. If under these circumstances I had the power of condemning him to death as an atonement for his insolence, certainly I should not exercise that power, as it could be no proof of an honourable spirit to revenge myself upon a defenceless man? and when my word was to decide for life or death, I should conceive no choice was left to me but to forgive. I can honour Pisistratus very highly for his royal magnanimity, but I suspect, my dear grandfather, I must wait till I am a king before I can save myself from the imputation of cowardice by quoting his example. If I could suppose myself too great to be dishonoured by an insult, I hope I should be too generous to be gratified by revenging it.

Grandson, said the old man, (vainly endeavouring to repress his feelings) I

perceive you are too subtle to be caught by sophistry. You distinguish rightly: the instance I adduced does not apply to the case in question. Here is your letter; take it, but recollect that your honour is not yet called upon to notice its contents. Mere malice only merits your contempt; reserve your spirit for a worthier cause, and may providence in its mercy grant you length of days! for if you, who seem born to give the brightest lustre to a name of no mean note, should in the blossom of your virtues prematurely fall, and I survive to mourn the extinction of my hopes, and the loss of one so infinitely dear, what will it avail me that the last sun, which went down in my horizon, threw a gleam of light, that glittered as it sunk to rise no more?

A signal now given by Cecilia summoned our young hero into his mother's

chamber. A life passed without pleasure was now about to close in a death without pain. Though the power of speech was lost, her actions indicated that she possessed her senses to the last. In her expiring moments she had grasped the hand of her son so fast in her's, that it would have required a stronger effort than he was disposed to make for disengaging it from her hold, and it was not till several sad minutes had gone by, when the convulsive nerve relaxed, and the maternal pressure was no longer felt.

John now withdrew from this melancholy scene, and, retiring to his chamber, devoted himself for a while to solitary sorrow.

As the deceased had signified a wish to Cecilia, that her remains might be deposited in the family vault at Glen Morgan, orders were given to that effect.

By what fit messenger to impart the mournful event to the good old man, who had now lost his only child, was matter of debate till the Reverend Mr. Wilson offered himself for that errand; this being adjusted, he set out and was instructed to say that Mr. De Lancaster with Cecilia, John and Colonel Wilson would accompany the hearse to the place of burial. Poor old Morgan, now perfectly disabled by the gout, received the intelligence, for which he was prepared, with becoming resignation, and a fitter person than Edward Wilson to reconcile him to that dispensation no where could be found—You see, sir, said the old man to Wilson, the miserable state I am in, and can witness how impossible it was for me to have paid the last sad duty of a father to my dying child. I ought not, and I will not, lament that

her exhausted spirit is at length released, for I know too well that existence has been burdensome to her, who is no more : but I must ever painfully reflect, that there was a period in her life, when, had she been open and sincere in her appeal, I think I was not capable of forcing her to marry against her inclination : no, let me hope I never was that tyrant—but alas ! that time can never be recalled—She is dead, and he, that was her choice, is dead, and I, that might, and would, have made them happy, still languish at the end of life, only to mourn their loss.

Not so, said Wilson, not exactly so ; I have a precious relique in my care, that's worth your living for.

That's true, that's true, cried Morgan. Whilst my grandson John survives, De Lancaster and I, let death come when it

will, may truly say—*Non toti morimur.*

As the worthy old man emphatically dealt out this scrap of Latin, which Seneca and his memory had supplied him with, the animation it inspired was visible to Edward Wilson, who had kept his eyes upon him: one of those faint, fleeting smiles with which even pain and sorrow will at times be seen to greet a cheering recollection, passed over his countenance, as he dwelt upon the thought of his beloved grandson, and Edward was not backward to prolong and heighten the consolatory impulse by indulging him with various anecdotes to the honour of his pupil, and fixing his attention on a pleasant topic, which is a secret in *the art of healing*, that some practitioners either don't seem to know, or are not willing to make use of.

It was now in Morgan's power to cir-



culate his orders to his trusty house-keeper and butler for the mansion to be prepared, and all things needful to be put in readiness against the arrival of the family from Kray Castle. Neither was it omitted to provide an apartment for the young Amelia, who together with Mrs. Jennings was invited to be present at the funeral of her patroness and friend.

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### CHAPTER III.

*The Scene changes to Glen-Morgan.*

WHEN the appointed morning came, and the hearse with its attendant mourners issued from the portal of the court of Kray Castle, the tenants of De Lancaster presented themselves in a body and fell in respectfully and silently in rear of the cavalcade; but when Sir Arthur Floyd and the party of gentlemen, who

had dined at the castle attached themselves to the train, following the coach, in which De Lancaster was seated, till they came to the last verge of his domain, where the tenants dispersed, and they approached to pay their valedictory respects, the venerable old man, overcome even to tears by the unexpected compliment, and, bowing from the window of his coach, had only strength to say—Gentlemen, I thank you from my heart! you have conferred an honour and a favour upon me and mine, which I never shall forget.

When they arrived upon the lands of Glen Morgan, though yet at some distance from the house, they were again met and escorted by the tenants and retainers of that ancient and opulent family, till they arrived at the place of their destination.

Here Mr. De Lancaster, by the persuasion of his daughter, consented to repose after the fatigue and agitation of the journey, whilst Cecilia and her nephew, as chief mourners, followed the body to the church, there to consign it with all solemnity to the vault, where the remains of the Morgans had been deposited for many generations.

The crowd, which such a spectacle could not fail to bring together, were not so engrossed by their sorrow as to prevent them from bestowing their attention on the countenance of the youthful heir, and dull indeed must have been the eye, which had not discerned that spirit of innate benevolence, which not all the clouds of sorrow could obscure. Our hero had now advanced into his eighteenth year; he was tall of stature, erect in person and of manly

growth and proportion. When he led his aunt from the church, after the solemnity was concluded, and the people, who lined his passage to the coach, uncovered and in respectful silence paid their homage, he stopped, looked round, and in a manner at once the most graceful and most gracious, returned their salutation. It was a look, set off with such an action, as spoke comfort to the poor, and gave assurance to all beholders of a kind and noble nature. What sensations it conveyed to the feeling bosom of the approving Cecilia, is easier to conceive than to describe : it was not overlooked by Amelia, who beheld it through her tears, and the interesting glance was not rendered the less impressive by the tender medium, through which it made its passage to her heart. She was leaning on the arm of Mrs.

Jennings; conscious that she had no place in that awful ceremony, she had modestly stood at distance from those who had; and, it was now for the first time that our hero's eyes had been directed towards her. She did not put it in the power of the chief mourners to offer her a seat in their coach, but carefully avoided being noticed by them, and walked with Mrs. Jennings from the church to the house. When there arrived, she did not enter by the hall, but through the offices, and by a private stair-case retired to her chamber, conducted by the house-keeper.

Cecilia also, after she had paid her respects to the father of the deceased, repaired to the apartment appointed for her, and dispatched a servant to Mrs. Jennings and Amelia, requesting the favour of their company. In a very

few minutes the former of these ladies presented herself, leading by the hand her elegant and lovely charge in deep mourning, for which Mrs. Jennings took immediate occasion to apologize, and hoped she should not give offence to any of the family by having so done. Whilst this was passing, her timid pupil had drawn back, and held her handkerchief to her eyes at once to hide her tears and her confusion.

Madam, (said Cecilia in that melodious tone, which charmed all ears) you have judged correctly right in this particular, as I doubt not but you have in every other, that has reference to this young lady, who is most fortunate in being under your protection. Of the propriety of her wearing mourning there can be no doubt, were it only on account of the interest she has in Mrs. De Lancas-

ter's will, where her name will be found attached to a legacy of two thousand pounds.

Bless me, cried Mrs. Jennings, that is beyond all expectation, and I'm afraid—

Hold, if you please, said Cecilia (taking Mrs. Jennings by the hand, as if to apologize for the interruption) and let us sit down, for we keep this young lady standing, who, if I am not mistaken, has occasion for repose.—When they were seated, Cecilia proceeded to say, that the bequest to Miss Jones, which you are pleased to consider as above your expectation, was only limited, as I have occasion to know, to the sum of two thousand pounds because the deceased was not possessed of disposable property sufficient to meet her wishes for making a more ample provision for the amiable young lady here present ;

and this, she added, will be put out of doubt by a particular and very urgent clause in the said will, in which she recommends and appeals in the most solemn manner to her son to bear in mind those earnest wishes, which she had imparted to him, and not forget the promises, which he had made—And now, madam, as the full purport of this article, which to you may appear mysterious, is to me and to my nephew also perfectly clear, this amiable young lady may be assured, that the wishes of the testator in their most extended sense will be fulfilled by him, to whom they are bequeathed, if Heaven shall in its mercy grant him life.

If the sensibility of the soul has power without the use of words to convey its meaning, the look and action, which Amelia now directed to Cecilia De Lan-



caster, could not be misunderstood: neither were they, for that excellent lady, who in that species of eloquence was herself inferior to none, needed no interpreter, and immediately said—Put yourself to no exertions, Miss Jones, but withdraw for a time, till you can recover your spirits, for I readily comprehend both what you feel, and what you wish to say. If you find yourself disposed to pass a little time in private, I will undertake for your apology to the company below stairs.

This said, Amelia rose, made a respectful obeisance, and withdrew: Cecilia had given Mrs. Jennings intimation that she wished to be in private with her, and immediately, resuming her seat, said—That young lady does you great credit, madam; I declare to you I never yet contemplated any thing more elegant in

manners, or more interesting in person. I understand she has been some years under your tuition, and as I am intimately acquainted with Mrs. De Lancaster's motives for that anxious attachment to her future fortune, which she manifests in her will, you will not think me too officious, if I request to be informed of the plan, which you may have adopted, or in your judgment would advise, for the further education of this young creature, whose beauty and attraction at this critical time of life demand no common degree of care and attention.

Therein, madam, replied Mrs Jennings, I must refer to better judgment than my own, and solicit to be ruled by your instruction and advice. I am a solitary woman, and having no other influence or authority over her than what her prudence and good will voluntarily

concede to me, I must confess I am not in myself sufficient to encounter every species of danger, that may possibly occur to alarm me for her sake, and permit me to add for the sake of one other person also, whom I fear I have too far offended ever to be forgiven.

If you allude to my nephew, said Cecilia, I beg of you to be explicit.

I own it is to him that I allude, she replied, and as his resentment is now of so long standing, I have reason to fear I shall never be forgiven. I confess to you, madam, that when I thought I had discovered an attachment forming between your nephew and my humble charge, I considered it as my duty to stop it in its beginning, and prevent their interviews. This I did, when he last came to my house, and wished to see Amelia Jones for the purpose of present-

ing to her a miniature picture of her father, sent by Mrs. De Lancaster, to which he had added a rich and elegant chain of gold, which I believe was of his own procuring. Upon my hesitating to give him immediate admission to Amelia, he left my house in displeasure, and from that time to this neither myself, nor Amelia to my knowledge, have either seen him, or been noticed by him in the slightest degree. If, unfortunately for her, she is involved in an offence, of which I alone was guilty, you see, madam, how improper it will be for her, but more especially for me, to remain any longer in this house, where we must consider ourselves unwelcome to young Mr. De Lancaster at least, and probably to others, whom I need not name. I should add, that for Amelia's sake it behoves us to

be gone, as she, poor child, is distressed by his displeasure to a degree, which, as you have witnessed, renders her unfit to appear even in your presence, who are all condescension and benevolence. This being the case, is it for me to advise what is further to be done for Miss Jones's education? Am I, in short, any longer the proper person to conduct it? I humbly conceive I am not.

To this Cecilia answered—As I draw conclusions from what you have been stating very different from what you seem to apprehend, I think your taking Amelia away from us at this time would be the most unadvisable measure you could adopt and the most irreconcilable to her interest. The motives, upon which you have hitherto acted towards my nephew, are certainly very honour-

able ; but you need not pursue them any further ; at least, not with the same degree of rigour. Assure Miss Jones from me, that she has not the least occasion to be alarmed ; let her act as her own good sense and discretion shall dictate, and I am persuaded you will not find it necessary to lay any restraint upon her conduct. You will endeavour therefore to detach her from her solitude and her sorrows as speedily as you can, and convince her that she will find none but friends in our circle, regardful of her interests, and anxious for her happiness.

Mrs. Jennings having made her acknowledgments for these kind assurances, respectfully withdrew, and hastened to communicate intelligence so consolatory to her beloved charge, happy to find herself in a great degree relieved

from an anxious responsibility, which had put her upon assuming a reserve, much more rigid and punctilious than was natural to her character.

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## CHAPTER IV.

*Occurrences at Glen Morgan.*



IN the evening of this very day, after all the melancholy duties incidental to it had been discharged, John De Lancaster detached himself from the company, and striking into a gloomy walk of unclipt yew trees, appertaining to what by courtesy was called the pleasure-ground, at the extremity of it surprised Amelia, solitary and unconscious of his approach, reposing herself on a seat under the shade of a tree, whose branches

through their openings gave a glimpse of her figure, which might well have escaped any eyes but those of a lover.

Upon discovering him as he approached, the timid damsel started from her seat, and was preparing to withdraw, when with that gentle action, which more resembles intercession than compulsion having induced her to resume her seat, he said—It has been a long and tedious banishment, to which your governess condemned me: and since my good fortune has now thrown an opportunity in my way, which I have ardently wished for, and of which I may honourably avail myself, don't think me too importunate, if I solicit you to give me a hearing whilst I discharge my conscience of a duty, that I owe to the parent, whom we have this day followed to the grave. Perhaps Miss Jones, you are



not apprised by what solemn obligations I am bound to consider your honour, interest and happiness unalienably connected and interwoven with my own. How dear you were to my departed mother I well know ; what I professed to you in our first and only interview I religiously bear in mind : I have every impression of your merit, every sensibility of your charms both of mind and person, that our very short acquaintance could inspire, and by the sacred solemnity of this day I swear to you, that, if Heaven grants me life, I will live to your service.

Mr. De Lancaster, she replied, though I cannot at this moment find expressions for my gratitude, I hope you will believe, that, if I felt it less, I could express it better. It is indeed a very long time since you honoured me with your

visit, and of course this is the very first instant I can profit by for returning my most heart-felt thanks for your invaluable present, which by some misunderstanding on the part of Mrs. Jennings I have till now unhappily been deprived of doing. As I did not know that you had been the bearer of that kind present till after you had left the house, I must not presume to judge of your reasons for resenting the reception, that you met with from the lady, under whose care I am ; but I may venture to assure you, it was never her intention to give offence to Mr. De Lancaster, and I must leave it with yourself to reflect, whether it is consistent with your idea of what is just and right to harbour a lasting resentment for an unpremeditated trespass.

If you judge me by appearances, Miss Jones, he replied, I may suffer in your

good opinion ; but in absenting myself from Mrs. Jennings's house I conceive I only acted as every man of honour ought to act towards a lady, who gave him clearly to understand that his visits were unwelcome. You may not have been informed that the very first time I waited upon you at Denbigh she intimated this to me most pointedly by letter, and when a second time I was not suffered to deliver into your hands what I had in charge to give you from my mother, judge if I could so misunderstand either her or myself, as ever to intrude again, and provoke her to give me a more explicit dismissal.

Alas, sir, replied Amelia, how it came to pass, that Mrs. Jennings so misjudged the case I know not ; but that she is incapable of a designed affront I am perfectly persuaded. You well know the situation, in which we jointly stand to-

wards the families of De Lancaster and Morgan, which meet and centre in your single person ; and I think you cannot fail to find good reason on our part, why we should not wilfully fail in respect towards those, upon whose bounty we subsist.

Ah lovely Amelia, exclaimed the enamoured youth, when you humble yourself to speak of obligations to my family in these terms, you compel me to declare to you, that I have no higher ambition at my heart, nor is there any prouder honour I can aspire to, than to render myself in time not totally unworthy of a place in your esteem : you must suffer me to tell you, that such was the impression I received upon the sight of you, when I was bearer of the token, which the poor soldier was entrusted with, and so ardent was my desire to avail myself

of the introduction, which my departed mother's commission for the second time afforded me, that the unexpected cold reception I encountered from your governess was such a cutting disappointment, that I could not conquer my ungovernable temper, and was driven to commit a thousand wild extravagancies, that upon reflection I am ashamed of : therefore it was, that upon self-examination discovering my unworthiness, and want of education to correct my errors, I avoided all society but of my teacher and my books, and laboured diligently to retrieve the time, that I had lost. How far I may have succeeded time must show : all I can say for myself is, that I have not been sparing of my efforts, and if henceforward I may be favoured with access to you, I shall have an object in my view, whose approbation, if I can

deserve it and obtain it, will be the highest reward this world can give me, and the one great blessing of my life.

He had, whilst he was addressing her in these emphatic words, taken her hand in his, and she now for sometime, without attempting to withdraw it, sate silent, meditative, with her eyes fixt upon the ground, and her face suffused with blushes.

The terms, in which she had heard herself addressed, were such as could not be misunderstood; it is natural also to suppose they could not be unwelcome: they certainly demanded an answer, but how to shape that answer between the extremes of too much and too little sensibility was to the modest, unassuming, diffident Amelia an embarrassment that her inexperience was not qualified to surmount. She had however made

an effort to attempt some general acknowledgments, better graced and easier to be understood by the look and action that accompanied them than by the language, when the sudden approach of Cecilia in an instant dispelled both the pleasure and the pain of this unfinished explanation, and gave her to understand that Mr. De Lancaster had something to impart to her, and was anxiously expecting the pleasure of her company.

Upon the word she rose, bowed respectful obedience to the summons, and turned a look upon the party, she was now constrained to leave, so marked with feeling and so fraught with mind, that our hero must have been dull indeed had he needed any comment to explain its meaning.

## CHAPTER V.

*Our Heroine has an Interview with the Grandfather of our Hero.*

WHEN the young and lovely orphan, whom our history will no longer overlook, was admitted to the presence of the venerable De Lancaster, no third person being there but the lady who introduced her, she had so far composed her spirits as to make her first approaches, and receive his compliments, under no other agitation than what served to set off the modest graces of her person and deportment to the best advantage: he led her to a chair, and placed himself by her side: After a pause of some short continuance, during which he had kept his eyes admiringly upon her, he turned to Cecilia, and said—I see you were resolved



I should enjoy the pleasure of a surprise, for though you described in part what I was to expect, your description was far short of the original. I have seen my brother Morgan's portrait of Miss Jones's father, and I can trace a likeness.

You would do that better, said Cecilia, in a miniature, which perhaps Amelia has about her.

Amelia answered that she had not the miniature in her possession.

Let it pass, rejoined De Lancaster; we have matter of more moment to discourse upon. You will understand, Miss Jones, that by the will of the deceased lady, who had your interest so much at heart, you become invested with a claim upon us of a twofold nature: the one portion of my daughter-in-law's bequest to you is easily satisfied,

for it is set down in the shape of a specific sum; the other and the greater portion, being undefined, is an obligation, that can never be fairly said to terminate so long as any thing shall remain undone on the part of my grandson, which, according to his interpretation of his mother's wishes, may seem necessary for your honour and advantage to be further done. John however is yet under age: on whom then, but on me, during his minority, does that obligation in its full extent devolve. I acknowledge it; I embrace it voluntarily; I will execute it religiously. You are my charge; you are my child, and in trust for my grandson I receive you into my adoption.

Amelia, half-rising from her seat, and pressing her claspt hands upon her bosom, bowed her head and wept. De Lancaster proceeded.

How then am I to fulfil this duty: Surely not by deputy, not by assignment: I must not suffer you to live at distance; you must discharge yourself as speedily as may be from your residence at Denbigh. Retain if you see fit, Mrs Jennings as a friend attached to you, but look to my Cecilia for those instructions, which are to regulate your morals, and that example, which is to form your manners. Henceforward I expect that you will regard Kray Castle as your proper home.

With this benevolent, but authoritative, invitation Mr. De Lancaster concluded, when Cecilia, rightly conceiving, that a creature, young and modest as Amelia, might find it difficult to suit her answer to a speech and speaker of such a style and character, kindly interposed by asking her in a familiar manner, whe-

ther she thought she could pass her time as much to her content at Kray Castle as at Denbigh.

Ah madam, she replied, I have good reason to be contented with the way in which I pass my time at Denbigh, but I trust I need not say how much I feel the honour of being asked to Kray Castle, which of course would be so high a treat to me. I must acknowledge to you notwithstanding, that as I know of nothing, that can intitle me to the kindness you are pleased to show me, I am fearful and alarmed, lest by stepping out of my obscurity I should be suspected of conceiving myself to be any other than what I really am, an orphan hitherto supported upon charity, and now at once provided for in a way, that offers comforts, which my parents did not possess, and

affluence, which they had not to bequeath.

Here the good old man eagerly interposing, turned a kind approving smile upon Amelia, and said—There is a grace, my good child, in humility, which well befits your sex, your situation and your time of life; but don't be more humble than the descendant of a good and ancient family ought to be; for the dignity of the stock is not to be degraded by the eventual sterility of any one of the branches. When we invite you to partake of the society of our family, you may be sure it is a pleasure, that we are desirous to enjoy: If you therefore are pleased to consider our solicitation as a civility, how much more cause have we to set down your compliance as a favour? I must ever think, that when my guest

brings with him the commendatory properties of good birth, good manners, sense and morals, he brings with him into my company what does me honour, let him be as bare of money as hard fate may make him. You seem to think that your ambition should be bounded by the specific sum bequeathed to you in the will of our newly-deceased friend, and rightly you would think, had nothing else been devised by the testatrix ; but as this is not the case, and as the mother in her will lays further commands upon the son, don't suppose, because your moderation may conceive that much is done, that he will think there is no more to do.

As Mr. De Lancaster was addressing these words to the fair and gentle creature that was seated by his side, the person, to whom they alluded, at that in-

stant entered the room. There are lights favourable and unfavourable, in which every human being will at different times be seen ; this was decidedly one of the happiest moments, which an artist could have seized for modelling, or a sensitive young damsel for contemplating, our hero John De Lancaster. As Amelia was rising from her seat upon his entrance, the address, with which he hastened to replace her, and the gracefulness of the action, which accomplished it, were in the very best style of good breeding and politeness, as they were then understood and practised : as they are now better understood and more easily practised, no elegant lady would take the trouble to rise, and if an awkward miss attempted it, no elegant gentleman would be at the pains to prevent her : ease is the grand desideratum of

modern life, and no one makes a compliment of what every one helps himself to without ceremony.

The Wilsons, father and son, now joined the company, and whilst they drew off to the party of the senior De Lancaster, John took his seat between Amelia and his aunt, being thereunto invited by the latter.

I have been soliciting Miss Jones to pass some time with us at the castle, said Cecilia.

I am happy to hear it, John replied, and I hope you have prevailed. I understand you go home tomorrow, and I must deny myself the gratification of attending upon you, for I feel it indispensably incumbent upon me to devote some few days to my grandfather Morgan, and to sundry things, which he wishes to be done in consequence of the



mournful event, that brought us hither; of course so long as I can afford any consolation to that good and generous heart, which pain and sorrow conspire to oppress, I must wait till I am released, and in the mean while pace the solitary yew-tree walk without the hope of again enjoying that delightful vision, which I once most luckily chanced upon, but was speedily deprived of. I presume Miss Jones will be of your party tomorrow.

That must be at her option, Cecilia observed; there will be room in the coach, as our worthy Colonel stays a few days longer with Mr. Morgan: Then turning to Amelia, she took her hand, and with a smile, that seemed prepared to welcome an excuse, said to her in a whisper—How do you stand disposed, my dear? Will you go with my father and me tomorrow, or wait a

few days till Colonel Wilson and my nephew can attend upon you?

I should naturally be most happy to go when you do, madam, (said Amelia blushing) but—

Aye, resumed Cecilia, you would like that best no doubt, but what, my dear? Something stands in the way of it—you are not ready I dare say—that is it; is it not?

Yes, madam, it is. I have nothing with me here: all my things are at Denbigh; and I am persuaded Mrs. Jennings will expect me to go with her, and there will be a good deal to do.

I am persuaded there will be a good deal, repeated Cecilia; about as much to do, as will fill up your time till the coach shall return for the colonel and this gentleman, if we could suppose he would prefer it to his horse, which in fact would

be to suppose he would do that which he has never done yet: our coach and crawling cattle move too slow for him.

Not in all cases, my dear aunt, believe me—Not in your case, for instance, unless they were conveying me to you; then they would be slow indeed—If they were conveying you with me, and were it possible that my poor company could content you, they could not spin out time, so pleasantly engaged, too long.

Upon my word, nephew John, that is a very handsome compliment; but you are seated between two ladies, and I suspect, whilst you were saying it to one, you intended it for the other.

Excuse me, madam, that was not the case: It would indeed have been correctly true, had I ventured to have addressed it to the other lady; but till I can gain her confidence by my conduct, I

will not court her good opinion by my compliments.

As he spake these words, Amelia, struck with the turn he had given to Cecilia's raillery, raised her bright eyes, and for the first time fixing them without a blush steadily upon him, said with an energy, that seemed to carry her beyond herself—You answer nobly, sir! My father would have honoured you for that sentiment.

This said, she rose from her seat, and with her rose the company; the venerable old butler having given notice that the hour was come, when, according to family custom (then very generally honoured and observed) they were called upon to offer up their praises and petitions to the Author of their being, and Dispenser of their blessings.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Mr. De Lancaster and Cecilia return to Kray Castle. An Explanation takes place between Mrs. Jennings and our Hero John; they are reconciled.*

THE next morning saw the equipage of De Lancaster bear away the father and the daughter not with that speed, which the emblem of the expanded wings might be construed to betoken, but reverently and deliberately with that slow and easy motion, which neither hurried the passengers out of their equilibrium, nor the well-fed cattle out of their accustomed amble, which was specifically neither walk, trot nor stand-still, though something seemingly allied to each. In fact the gentry of those days had not found out the necessity of being in a

hurry, when they had nothing to do that called for expedition.

The numberless things, that Amelia had to do at Denbigh when she did not wish to leave Glen-Morgan, unluckily occurred to Mrs. Jennings, when if they had slipped her memory, the omission would have been most readily forgiven; but that provident lady saw so many things needful for herself and for her charge, that suit was instantly made for the chariot and horses, and Mrs. Richards the house-keeper was requested to obtain that order from her master. Mrs. Richards admitted the necessity of a visit to Denbigh on the part of Mrs. Jennings, for she saw the pressing claims of crapes and gauzes in their true and proper force, but having probably discovered in the expressive features of the young Amelia, then standing beside her, something that

to her conception indicated disappointment, she good-naturedly cried out—  
Don't take this dear child from us, just when she is beginning to get acquainted and make friends with the family from Kray Castle.

Why surely, said Mrs. Jennings, you forget that the only lady of that family is gone away this morning, and you would not I suppose think it proper for Amelia to stay here without me.

I can't see what should harm her if she did, the dame made answer. My poor good master and the colonel have either lost their limbs, or lost the use of limbs, and as for the young folks, when they are happy in each other, and innocently so, I always think it is a thousand pities to part them.

Ah Mrs. Richards, it would be a delightful task indeed, if I had only to

provide the means of making my Amelia happy ; for her wishes are so pure and so prudent, that she deserves to be gratified in them ; but circumstanced as she is, and limited as I am, there are many things, innocent in themselves, that she must not risk, and many mere appearances that she must avoid. I dare say her own good understanding convinces her how necessary it often is to sacrifice what is pleasant for the sake of what is prudent.

Oh yes ; I'm perfectly convinced of that, Amelia said and drew a sigh—Aye, cried the unconverted dame who pleaded on the side that pleases best, just so would the poor lady, that we buried yesterday, have said, and just so she did say ; she was a slave to appearances ; she sacrificed every thing to what is called prudence, and only lived to be a melan-



choly example how much happier and better she would have been had she taken counsel of her own heart, and not of other people's heads—And thus having wound up her climax and her opinion in the same moment the good dame with that significant jerk and toss of the head, which is the veriest unequivocal and not to be mistaken stamp of self-content, faced about and trotted off in quick time to a kind of march, that to a musical ear would have marked a measure considerably above *moderato*, and a firmness in the tread characteristic of one, who walked by authority, and kept right onwards without check or turning.

I perceive, my dear Amelia, said Mrs. Jennings, that if I persist to do what I consider to be my duty with respect to you, I shall have every body's voice against me; but, thank Heaven, you

will soon be under the protection of the lady of Kray Castle, and then my responsibility will cease.

I trust, replied Amelia, you have not found me impatient to throw off your government, and till that happens, I hope you will not dismiss me from your care. Here the dialogue was interrupted by the coming in of John De Lancaster and the Reverend Mr. Wilson. Mrs. Jennings immediately availed herself of the opportunity for requesting a few minutes private conversation with our hero, and, this being granted, she delivered herself as follows—

I am sensible, Mr. De Lancaster, that I incurred your displeasure by the manner, in which I received the honour of your visit, when you last called upon me in Denbigh. Undoubtedly I ought to have presented Amelia Jones to you

without a moment's hesitation, that you might have given into her hands the invaluable relick, you had in charge for her. For this omission I most heartily ask your pardon, and assure you that I had no intention to offend, but erred in judgment, when in my over-care to guard Amelia from the effect of any sudden agitation upon the opening of that packet, I very unadvisedly took the delivery of it upon myself.

What you have already said, replied De Lancaster, is apology more than sufficient for an oversight on your part, especially as it proceeded from so considerate a motive; but I am afraid, Madam, my abrupt departure is not so easily to be excused, and I can only say, that if we are to exchange forgiveness, I shall have much to sue for, and very little to bestow. However let me hope

that Miss Jones has not been molested by our misunderstanding, but has the miniature, and thinks it, as it appeared to me, a very admirable painting.

Sir, resumed Mrs. Jennings, I am sorry to say that the error I committed, in taking the delivery of the present out of your hands, has very much molested Miss Jones; and the chief reason for my hastening to Denbigh is, that I may restore to you the packet, which is still in my keeping, in the hope, that you will condescend to fulfil your first intention, and with your own hands bestow it upon her, who from her respect for you and for the express conditions attached to your delivery of it, has scrupulously denied herself even the pleasure of a sight of it.

You surprize me and delight me, cried our hero in a tone of exultation. 'Tis an instance of so refined and delicate a

sense of honour in the young lady, whom you have educated, as recommends her to my warmest veneration and esteem. Don't let me lose an hour, that can be employed for her relief, and as you tell me that you are hastening home, where you have the packet in your keeping, I will mount my horse and be ready at your door to hand you out of your carriage, and in your presence, if such shall be your pleasure, make a transfer of the relick to the lovely person, who is so properly intitled to it.

Ah sir, cried Mrs. Jennings, you are infinitely kind, and will not only take a heavy load from off my heart, but give delight to that beloved child, whose disappointment has been very great.

Say to her then, said John, that I am gone to make myself ready to attend upon her, for I hear the chariot coming

up to the door. Tell her that it is to her I owe the conscious gratification of being able to say with truth, I have never disobeyed any one command of my departed mother, and say moreover that to save her from disappointment and guard her from danger is another command delivered to me by the same authority, and intitled to be treated with the same obedience.—But why do I trouble you with this idle talk? Say nothing to your lovely charge for me: What have I to do with professions? Let me earn her good opinion by my actions—Farewell! Your chariot waits.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Our Hero accompanies Amelia and Mrs. Jennings to Denbigh. Past Mistakes are set to rights in a very natural and agreeable Manner.*

THE fine and valuable horse, which Sir Arthur Floyd and his friends had so handsomely presented to young John De Lancaster, and in whose noble veins ran the full blood of the mal-treated massacred Glendowr, was in constant attendance upon our hero, wherever he went, and no other hero was in the habit of riding him. When the ladies had set off for Denbigh, this favourite animal was by John's order led out to the great hall-door for him to mount: The beauty of his form, the spirit of his eye and the elegance of his action having drawn a

party of admirers, male and female about him, the poor old gouty grandfather at the instigation and by the advice of Madam Richards, whose voice was as an oracle in Glen Morgan, was wheeled into the hall and drawn out upon the landing-place before the portal to see his grandson in the saddle. It was indeed a spectacle well worth a lame man's trouble to contemplate. The consciousness, which the fine animal seemed to entertain of his own dignity, and the sensibility with which he appeared to feel the caresses of his master, were noticed by the grandfather, who had been a famous sportstman in his time, and gave him great delight. John put his horse into graceful action, bowed respectfully to the old gentleman and rode off.

At about two miles distance from Denbigh he overtook the chariot. The



light and nimble tread of his horse upon the mossy turf gave no notice of his approach : the ladies were engaged upon an interesting topick, and his name was on the lips of Amelia in the very moment when he rode up to the window, and, as it happened, on the side where she was seated : In the sudden emotion, which the sight of him occasioned, the start she gave, and the action that accompanied it, covered her with blushes ; for she was conscious of having betrayed more joy and transport on the occasion than it is required of prudent young ladies to discover when they meet young men of their acquaintance on the road. Her's was not the age however nor yet the nature, that could counterfeit tranquillity and indifference ; so that when her eyes were directed towards him, they gave him clearly to perceive and know

how welcome to her sight he was. He himself also was too much enraptured with what he contemplated to be either very able or very eager to help her out of her embarrassment; in a short time however she had recollected herself quite sufficiently to be extremely charmed with the beauty of his horse, extremely apprehensive of his danger when he came too near, and extremely happy when he came so very close to the window, that her fair hand could reach not only to caress and fondle that fine animal, but to display its own fair self to the owner of the animal, who, probably, was not so devoid of common sense, and incapable of observation, as not to know pretty nearly what proportion of those endearments were properly addressed to the horse, what virtually bestowed upon himself.

Upon his arrival at Mrs. Jennings's house, the reception which John now met was very unlike what he had before experienced. The cases containing the miniature picture and the gold chain were delivered to him : Mrs. Jennings quitted the room, and upon his finding himself alone with Amelia, he began as follows—

I confess to you, Miss Jones, I feel myself very highly gratified by the handsome manner, in which you have declined taking this pledge of my poor mother's affection and regard for you, till I could have an opportunity of delivering it into your hands agreeably to her particular instruction and desire. I am sensible it is a refinement, that very many people would not feel, but happily for me you did, and the melancholy event, that has since occurred, naturally

makes me the more desirous of adhering strictly to what she gave me in command : this I now do, when I have the honour of presenting to you, as a token of her very sincere esteem, this miniature of your father ; what the other case contains is simply a chain, which I hope you will accept from me, though it has neither the same intrinsic value as a relick, nor the same ideal value as a memorial of the donor.

Pardon me, exclaimed Amelia, eagerly interposing, what the other case contains is a gift not only very beautiful in itself, but infinitely valuable to me for the giver's sake.

Oh ! that I might believe you, cried the enraptured youth.

Indeed you may, she naturally replied, I prize it as your gift above all computation.

Nay, now, enchantress, he exclaimed, if your beauty and your kindness overcome my reason, you must either pardon my transports, or escape out of my company. To be told that you will prize this trifle, because it is my gift, is such a favour as can only be repaid by tendering to you my heart—my life—myself—my every thing—and, saying this, he pressed the reluctant damsel to his bosom, accompanying each fond endearing phrase with tender but respectful delicate caresses.

As soon as he had released her from his arms he led her to a chair, kept her hand in his, and seated himself by her : she was not in the least abashed, did not betray any extraordinary agitation, nor studied to avoid his eyes ; for real purity is not suspicious—Amelia, he cried, I know the sacred nature of the responsi-

bility I have incurred by giving way to the raptures, which your charms inspired. Your father's picture hangs before me ; I well remember the apostrophe I made to it ; you do not want the presence of Mrs. Jennings to guarantee my good behaviour ; your very best duenna is my honour. That mother, who is scarcely cold in her shroud, with her dying breath bequeathed you to my honour, my protection and my constant care through life. These are my duties ; they are such as a brother, as a guardian or a father might engage in : I don't commence my execution of them after the way of either of these, but, availing myself of the first favourable opportunity, and snatching at the first kind expression, which your politeness prompts you to address to me, I instantly throw my unprivileged arms about your chaste

and beauteous person with all the ardour of a lover—All this is true : I felt that ardour, and I feel that love—Let me now ask you, Does the declaration of that love offend you ?

Oh, no, no, no.

And may I hope in time to merit a return of love ?

You merit it already, and you have it—But hold ! restrain yourself. Don't make it such a wonder that I speak the truth ; but as I have answered fairly, hear me now in my turn, calmly, patiently, I pray you ; for I verily believe, that upon the candour, with which you shall treat the sincere confession and appeal I am now about to make to you, the happiness of my life in future will depend.

Speak freely ; I am all attention. I will not deceive you.

What I have said is true : I have full cause to love you : such as you are in every early excellence of mind and person, it would be out of nature if I did not. I can well believe it to be against rule for a young girl like me to make this frank confession : It seems so ; and perhaps it was not quite in rule for me to suffer you to embrace me, whilst you uttered those emphatic, tender words ; I could not help it : you embraced me once before ; I could not help it then. The arms of no man since my father died ever embraced me, yours alone excepted. The delight, which those endearments gave me in both cases, I am not ashamed to own ; for it was pure : but I should be sorry to indulge in that delight, however pure, which cannot be permanent ; and would not wish to hear those fond rapturous words repeated, to



which if I affixed a serious meaning, I must be the vainest and the weakest of all human beings. In one word, my dear sir, you, who are destined to so high a lot, must show some pity for a lowly creature that looks up to you with love and admiration, and must absolutely promise me to fill up your time at Glen Morgan, whilst I in obedience to Mr. De Lancaster's commands pay a short visit of respect at Kray Castle.

If you think that I ought to be at Glen Morgan when you are at Kray Castle, John replied, I much doubt if I ought to be where I am at this moment ; but why my lovely Amelia should mistrust either her own power, or my principle, I cannot tell.

You must not disappoint the expectation of your friends ; you must not do what is unbecoming of your situation.

That's true, my sweet Amelia; that is very true : I must not disgrace myself by any mean and infamous action : you would not like me if I did that ; would you, Amelia ?

Surely not.

I must not, for instance, make vehement protestations to an ingenuous, honourable, accomplished girl, draw her on to confess that I am not disagreeable to her, prevail upon her to endure my hypocritical caresses, and then turn my back upon her, and forsake her ; would not that be scandalous ?

It would not be right.

It would be rascally : for suppose I was to say to her thus—because I abound in money myself, I won't marry you unless you abound also ; what sort of a reason would that be ? Or again, because I am a plain gentleman, and you are

quite as well born as myself, in short, in every respect my equal, therefore I must seek for something higher—*I must not disappoint the expectation of my friends; I must not do what is unbecoming of my situation*—How would that sound? What kind of opinion would you form of a man, who should act and argue in that way? You would despise him, Amelia; you would say to him in earnest what you say to me in jest—Don't let us meet, if it be possible to avoid it: should I come to visit your family, take care not to be at home—Ah Amelia, Amelia, if so you wished to have disposed of me, why did not you contrive to make your visit to Kray Castle, as my aunt proposed to you, when you knew I could not be there?

Nay, that is not a fair question, she replied: why do I think these minutes

happier than any I have passed, since last we met in this room together?— Here the conversation no longer turned upon interrogatories : it was not of the nature of argumentation or discussion ; it would elude short-hand ; for the pauses, when no words were interchanged, were employed in contemplating the miniature, affixing it to the chain, and adjusting it to the pearly neck of the fair possessor, which, with other businesses of not less moment, occupied the thoughts of the parties, till Mrs. Jennings made her entrance, and announced to John De Lancaster that a young man, who called himself the son of Ap Rees, the minstrel of Peuruth, was waiting and extremely urgent to be admitted ; a wish, that was immediately complied with.

The agony of the young man's mind

was visible in his countenance. It was with some difficulty that our hero recognized him ; but in the same moment that he recalled him to his memory, he received him in the kindest manner, put him at his ease and made him sit down—I saw you ride into town, said the poor fellow, and I traced you to this house : I was a long time doubtful about venturing to ask for you ; but you have an excellent character for kindness and benevolence to your inferiors, and the story of the poor soldier, who died in your house, encouraged me to believe, that the pity you bestowed upon a traveller and a stranger, you would not withhold from an ancient Briton and a neighbour : Besides, sir, I remember when my father Robin Ap Rees performed at Kray Castle, and sister and I came upon the platform in the great hall with

him—Yes, sure enough, I remember how good you was to my poor Nancy, when shame overcame her, and she was like to faint—Ah, sir, worse shame has overcome her now : the direst villain breathing has undone her : she is crazed ; she has attempted her own life ; she is dying : that Jew David Owen is her murderer : but I'll follow him through the world ; he is out of the law's reach, but not out of mine : as soon as I have laid poor Nancy in her grave, I'll after him across the seas, and when, or wheresoever I can light upon him, that moment shall be his last.

Stop, friend, said John De Lancaster, you let your passion run away with you, and don't know what you are saying. I can guess the injury, that has been done to your sister, but what are the facts, that so particularly criminate Sir David

Owen? Recite them simply, if you please; give me nothing but the truth exactly stated; no invective, Mr. Ap Rees, no aggravation.

Why, you must know, sir, said the appellant, that after the old baronet's death father wished for Nancy to go out to service; so there came a lady to the Abbey to visit Sir David, or Sir David's mother, I can't say which: she seemed to be mightily taken with Nancy, and being a single lady hired her to be about her person, promising to educate and take care of her. She seemed a motherly kind of person, sure enough, and very affable. So when the lady's own chariot drove up to the door, and Nancy was told to step into it with her mistress, father thought, and so did I, that it was a famous thing for his daughter—Alas, a-day! There is no looking into people's

hearts. Little did we think, that it was all a deep-laid plot to ruin a poor Innocent.

Proceed with your narrative, John repeated, and don't digress into comments and remarks, that, if you want my assistance, only prevent me from tendering it to you by taking up my time unprofitably, and puzzling my understanding.

I ask your pardon, sir, Ap Rees replied; I should have gone on to say, that after two days travelling my sister was set down at a lone cottage, where she believed herself at a considerable distance from the Abbey, when in fact the tour she had taken was projected purposely to deceive her into that persuasion. After a few days passed in perfect solitude Sir David Owen appeared as a visitor to the lady of the cottage, when



by their joint contrivances, too horrible to relate, they first succeeded in depriving my unhappy sister of her reason, and then accomplished their infernal triumph over her innocence. In this state of mental derangement she was kept for some time, not totally devoid of short intervals of recollection, in one of which she thinks she saw you, sir ; but probably it was only her fancy, for there is no road, that could have led you to the house.

I have reason to believe she is not mistaken, John replied ! but no matter. I can now anticipate in some degree the tragic end of your afflicting narrative. Sir David Owen has left the kingdom, and made no provision for your sister's comfort—she is destitute, distracted, dying—your father is old, blind and broken-hearted, and you are young, torn

with rage, burning for revenge, and perhaps not in a capacity to furnish those medical and immediate aids, which the pitiable situation of your suffering sister unintermittingly demands. I take all that upon myself: I'll do it instantly without delay: The victim of man's villainy shall not want a friend. Nancy Ap Rees, the blushing Innocent, whom I supported in my arms, and was insulted for my officiousness, shall now, in the last stage of her distress, and to the last moment of her life, find my unqualified and full support: therefore lead me to her directly wheresoever she is—If in town, let us hasten to her on foot; if out of town, I have horses ready for myself and you—set out at once!

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Our Hero visits the Daughter of Robin Ap Rees in her Distress.*

As our hero was following Ap Rees to the street door of Mrs. Jennings's house, Amelia met him in the passage. I am going with this young man, he said, upon a matter of business, that may keep me some time—but why are you alarmed, Amelia? there is no cause for it, I assure you: I only go to serve a friend—I am satisfied, she replied, I ask no questions; farewell!

In a poor little tenement, the habitation of a widow-woman, in the outskirts of the town, young Robin Ap Rees had a lodging room, and in that room there was a bed, wherein our

benevolent young hero horror-struck beheld an emaciated delirious creature, bound down with straps ; the ruin of a beauteous form ; the wreck, which villainy had made of reason ; a modest unsoiled maiden once, whose purity nothing but poisonous drugs could overthrow ; a spectacle to rend the heart of man, and make an angel weep.

I cannot stand it, John exclaimed. Open the window : give me air, or I shall sink outright.

A voice was heard, that in a feeble but shrill tone murmured out—I know you—John had turned away from what he could not bear to look upon ; he now again directed his eyes towards the object, that addressed him, and burst into an agony of tears.

Can man do this and live, he cried ; can Heaven see this, and spare him ?

I wish they would not tie me down, the poor creature said. I will be very quiet, whilst you are with me.

Release her, he exclaimed: she has not strength to hurt herself—They obeyed him instantly; the brother and the poor woman of the house set her free: she smiled upon them, and bowed her head in acknowledgment for the favour. There, there, said John, you see the terror of her looks subsides: I now discern an emanation of her former self. Nancy, my girl, compose yourself; be comforted! you say you know me: I am John De Lancaster, and come to comfort you, to clear your character, to restore you (with God's leave) to health and happiness, and to sooth the sorrows of your father, whom you shall shortly see: again I say, compose yourself. I am your friend, and will not

desert you, nor suffer you to be ill treated any longer.

God will reward you, she said : God knows my injuries ; your generous nature would be shocked to hear them. If I may see my father and receive his blessing, I will die content.

You shall see your father ; I will send for him directly.

Thank you ! 'tis kind in you. I saw you ride by on your horse ; I called after you, but you did not hear me. I am sure they did something to disorder my brain ; it is not possible I could have devised such sinfulness else ; no, no, it is not possible.

Doctor Roberts, (locally so intitled) now entered the chamber ; he came opportunely, for the unhealed gashes on poor Nancy's arms were bleeding afresh, and required the skill of a surgeon to

stop them. The county of Denbigh, not then extremely fertile in men of medical celebrity, decidedly conferred the palm of preeminence on Doctor Roberts, and, in addition to the character of ability in his profession, he had, and merited to have, universal credit for benevolence and humanity : not to the diseased alone, but also to the distressed, his help was ready, and his hand was open.

He had attended on this piteous object at the suit of her unhappy brother ; he had staunched the bleeding of her self-inflicted wounds, and had found it necessary to prescribe coercion, and to tie down her hands. An idea that her blood was poisoned had impressed her with the persuasion that to let it out was an act of duty, and the instant that she found her hands at liberty, she employed them in that office. The Doctor

now stopped the bleeding, and provided against a repetition of it. When this was done, he attended to the anxious enquiries of John De Lancaster, with whose character and connections he was perfectly well acquainted. It was his opinion that the patient could not survive above two days: her pulse indicated approaching dissolution; nature was exhausted; the whole mass of her blood was broken; in fact it was absolutely poisoned by the inordinate infusion of pernicious stimulants, which had been insidiously administered in her diet and her drink for the most abominable purposes: of this he was convinced not only by her own evidence, but by symptomatic proofs, in which he could not be mistaken; in short he was certain, that when her death took place a jury of surgeons upon opening the body



would confirm the fact, and this of course he recommended as a measure due to justice.

With the same view he advised that her deposition should be taken without loss of time in a legal manner, which he believed her competent to give, especially now that the loss of blood had cleared her intellect, though at the same time it might conspire to hasten her dissolution.

In conformity to this advice measures were immediately taken, and David Williams was dispatched to Kray Castle with the following letter from John to his grand-father,

“ Most dear and honoured sir,

“ I have been present at a scene of the most afflicting nature : Nancy Ap Rees, the daughter of blind Robin, is dying in consequence of practices too horrible to be described, that have been

employed against her for purposes the most diabolical. When you call to mind the wretch, who has lately disappeared, it will spare me the pain of committing his detestable name to the same paper, that is graced with your's, and signed with mine.

“ Alas, my beloved grand-father, how deeply do I regret that it should have been my lot so early in life, and for so long a portion of it, to have been in any degree implicated with a miscreant, who, after being convicted of the most disgraceful and unmanly conduct in various instances, has by gradations in cruelty proceeded to the extreme of all atrocity, and effected the violation of an innocent and virtuous girl by means, that amount, as I conceive, to actual murder.

“ As the brother of this unhappy victim now on her death-bed, and by in-

tervals only possessed of her reason, has resorted to me in his distress, how could I, a descendant of the De Lancasters and grandson of the best and most benevolent of mankind, have been worthy of my name, had I shrunk from the duties of humanity, however irksome it may be to me, that any part of the trouble, which ought to be all my own, should devolve upon you, without whom I am nothing.

“The first thing I require of you is to send me over money, fully sufficient to satisfy in a liberal manner all incidental expences attending the care of this poor creature, whilst she has life; to provide for the interment of her remains after death, and the effectual prosecution of the wretch, and his accomplice or accomplices, who to the crime of violation have added that of poisoning her pure

blood with drugs of the most inflammatory and deadly nature.

“ By my servant David Williams’ who is the bearer of this, you will immediately send me over one hundred pounds, and as the presence of old Robin Ap Rees is earnestly expected by his dying child, you will be pleased to give order for his safe and speedy conveyance, under care of some one of your household, who will prudently prepare him for the meeting, happy in this one instance, that his sight at least cannot be shocked by the sad and piteous spectacle, that would else have awaited him.

“ With these requisitions convinced that your benignant candour will comply, I remain with all true devotion, &c. &c.

“ JOHN DE LANCASTER.”

Whilst John withdrew to write this

letter Doctor Roberts had been wholly occupied in his endeavours to keep life in his patient, who by successive faintings now sunk so fast, that De Lancaster only came back in time to see her eyes close for ever.

It was now so evident that the deceased had by her own act brought on immediate dissolution, that it became a doubt with Doctor Roberts, whether any satisfactory proofs could be adduced of her having died precisely by poisonous drugs, inasmuch as it was not possible for him to depose upon oath, though in opinion he was persuaded, that it was not in the power of medicine to have saved her, had she abstained from all self-violence.

Of the particular means used for the imposing those pernicious drugs upon her there was no such specification, as

could be producible evidence in a court of justice; for no words had been taken down from the mouth of the deceased, and the fact of her insanity being incontrovertible, very little credit would be legally attached to the wanderings of a suicide, known to have been deprived of her reason: it was therefore judged advisable to waive the process, that had been in meditation, and not expose her miserable remains to an operation, which even John revolted from, whilst her brother in the most earnest manner besought them to dispense with it.

In these resolutions and opinions the debating parties were the more confirmed by the following letter, which young Williams brought with him on his return from Kray Castle—

“ Your conduct, my beloved grandson, has my unqualified approbation, and your commands are punctually fulfilled. David Williams brings the sum you call for, and Ben my groom, a discreet and steady man, has instructions for the safe conveyance of Robin Ap Rees from Penruth Abbey to you at Denbigh.

“ I am no lawyer, but it is clear to me, that if the drugs, which have been given with evil intent, can be proved to have been the actual, sole and immediate cause of death, it is a positive murder : if on the contrary it be true, as stated by your messenger, that the poor distracted creature was driven by desperation to the fatal act of opening her own veins, the case becomes more than doubtful, provided it shall turn out upon evidence, that her death has been accelerated thereby ; for who is to say that life is

not to be saved, though a physician may despair of it? Neither is it to be supposed, that the mild spirit of our laws will be so interpreted by judge and jury upon a trial for life, that out of two possible constructions that in preference shall be proceeded upon, which bears hardest against the prisoner at the bar.

“ I would have you therefore be extremely guarded in your investigation of this intricate and complicated case, and take especial care to give no handle to a censorious world to insinuate that you are actuated by a prejudiced and hostile mind in consequence of what has passed between you and the person, upon whom the charge will bear, if it is seriously brought forward: recollect withal that the *good Samaritan* contented himself with relieving the man, who had fallen amongst thieves, but did not busy him-



self either in the pursuit, or use means for the detection of them.

“ I am entirely with you in your just abhorrence of those direful practices, that have effected the ruin, and probably the death, of the much-injured object, in whose cause you honourably stand forth; but temper your benevolence with caution, and remember that on your life depends all that is valuable in this world to

“ Your affectionate

“ ROBERT DE LANCASTER.”

## CHAPTER IX.

*Proceedings at Denbigh in consequence of the Death of Ap Rees's Daughter. Our Hero retires to Glen Morgan. The Address of the blind Minstrel of Penruth to the People concludes the Volume.*

UPON the arrival of old Robin Ap Rees in the forenoon of the day succeeding that, in which his daughter died, he required to be led to the chamber, where her corpse was laid out. There had been some stir in the town about the manner of her death, for the story had in part got abroad, and the name of Sir David Owen began to be circulated with such comments, as seemed to indicate a propensity in the town's-folk to take the cause into their own hands, and

administer tumultuous justice in their own mob-way.

This was by all means to be avoided, and when it was understood that old Robin meant to be present at the funeral of his daughter, it was judged highly expedient that he should be cautioned and prevailed upon to employ his influence for the purpose not of aggravating, but allaying, the dangerous indignation of the inhabitants; for Robin Ap Rees was a popular character, and not meanly endowed with that species of eloquence, which is competent to disturb or to preserve the peace of the community.

It was also thought advisable, that our hero John De Lancaster, whose good deeds every tongue had trumpeted, should withdraw himself from the spot, where commotion was apprehended :

this without difficulty he was persuaded to do; his grandfather's letter favouring that measure: he accordingly set out with Mrs. Jennings and Amelia for Glen Morgan, having committed every thing, in which he had concern, to the conduct and discretion of his excellent friend and preceptor Mr. Wilson, who had come over most opportunely for all parties on this critical occasion.

Whilst all affairs, that prudence could provide for, were going on at Denbigh under the management of the wise divine and worthy doctor, John in the retired and shady walks of Glen Morgan was enjoying the society of his beloved Amelia, and listening to the praises she bestowed upon him.

I could wish, he said to her as they were sauntering under the yew-trees, that you would not be so ingenious in

describing actions better than they are : they can only be appreciated according to the worthiness of the motives, that have inspired them. You will allow, that where money is laid out without inconvenience or regret, pecuniary donations require but little effort, and of course imply but little merit. If I give so secretly that no one can discover me, it is plain I take a secret pleasure in the act of giving ; but if I know that my munificence, or my active services, can purchase the approbation of an angel, that will bless and praise me for the deed, what does it prove but that I have been industrious to obtain a reward, that is worthy of my pains, and can only claim the credit of having found out something, that is better than money, and more gratifying than indolence ? How then can you be perfectly assured

that I did not exert myself in the case of poor Nancy Ap Rees from the desire, which I must naturally have, of recommending myself to you ?

Whilst conversation of this sort was carried on in shady walks and groves propitious to the cause of love, the seniors of the family, lame Morgan and lame Wilson, who mustered only one effective leg between them, kept house, and whil'd away the lagging hours partly in talk, and partly in such humble resources as human nature is fain to resort to, when age and decrepitude conspire to narrow our enjoyments, and, shutting out all hope of future pleasure, confine us to the recollection only of the past.

When you and I, said Morgan, were as young as my grandson John, I am afraid, friend Wilson, we were neither of us altogether as worthy or as wise. I

can answer for one ; and when our acquaintance commenced as brother ensigns in Barrel's regiment, I doubt we were not quite such sturdy champions in the cause of virtue, as he now is, or as we ought then to have been. I recollect when you turned out for me as second in my affair with Cornet Flanagan, it was a foolish quarrel for a very worthless cause ; but no matter ! those days are over and we are now old fellows. You held on in the army, performed honourable service, received honourable wounds and are at length laid up with an honourable, though in my opinion not a very adequate, compensation : I quitted upon the peace ; came into possession of an ample property, led an idle, useless and luxurious life, made my neighbours welcome, and kept the bottle moving till the gout laid hold

of me, and I could not move myself. What a sorry figure in the calendar of antient British worthies shall I make? A mere man of straw, without one ear of corn, save only a few grains of good will in a bye-corner of my heart for an old friend like you, and perhaps here and there for another of like honest nature with yourself.—And now, Wilson, listen to me.—When I talk of my affairs my steward has just now satisfied me, that I am confoundedly given to involuntary lying; for I am considerably richer than I have believed or represented myself to be.—John will have my land and house and all that he can find about it, but, by the L—d, I won't leave him a shilling of my ready money. He won't want it and others will—You for instance: you have a son in the army, a



son in the church, and I know you don't abound : you have a small invalided government, and a small patrimonial lot of barren land—What then ? I have left you a bit of money in my will ; 'tis true I shan't keep it from you long at all events, for I am brushing off after my poor daughter : give me the pleasure, brother soldier, before I die, of telling me in what way a moderate sum can be of service to you.

The tear that stood on Wilson's manly cheek when it became his turn to make reply, witnessed his grateful feelings for the good old man—Live only, my dear sir, he said, live and be happy as your benevolence can make you ; I ask no more, and nothing can I receive beyond the sincere gratification it now affords me to find myself thus honoured in your friendship, and assured of your esteem.

Well, well ! I know you for a sturdy soldier, the old gentleman replied ; so take your course : 'tis not the first time you have served me thus. Perhaps 'tis natural to a mind like your's to find that kind of arrogance in money, which establishes a sort of patronage in the giver, not quite consistent with your sense of independant friendship ; and if such be your construction of the case, wait, my good fellow, till the time shall come, when I can have no use for what I bestow, and you no longer any motive for declining to receive it—

Death shall soon furnish that conclusive plea,  
Which ends the contest betwixt you and me.

Whilst time passed in this manner at Glen Morgan the interment of poor Nancy Ap Rees, as regulated by the Reverend Mr. Wilson, took place at Denbigh. A great concourse of people

assembled ; the whole corps of harpers from all the neighbouring parts attended in honour of their illustrious compatriot, and formed themselves in his train as he followed the bearers of the coffin, led by his son. The minstrels of Kray Castle and Glen Morgan, in their professional habits, and distinguishable by the attributes of their respective patrons, both men of eminence in their art and favourites of the muse, were present and attracted general notice and respect.

As it was known that the venerable father of the deceased purposed to speak to the people after the solemn service was concluded, the body was no sooner committed to the earth than the crowd formed themselves into a circle, of which he became the centre, and, having passed the word for silence, heard themselves addressed, as follows.

Friends and my countrymen!—A dark old man, whose eyes no ray of light hath visited these threescore years, stands here beside the grave of his new-buried child, and wishes you to hear with patience a few plain and pacifying words, to which, amidst the sorrows of his heart, he feels himself in conscience bound to pray you for your own sakes to attend.

My station in the family of the deceased Sir Owen Ap Owen is well known to all: from my youth up I have fulfilled the duties of his household minstrel, and though it becomes me to speak modestly of my services, let me hope they have been such, as do not disgrace the patronage of that worthy master and his ancient venerable house. In the course of my servitude having taken to wife a daughter of the celebrated Owen

Gwynn, whose name yet lives amongst us, I became the father of two children, the elder of whom, a son, stands now at my side, the sharer of my sorrows and the staff of my declining age: the younger, a daughter dear to my sad heart as the blood that visits it, lies low at my feet in the narrow chamber, whither we must all repair.

Friends, I beseech you, move me not to unfold the dreadful dealings, that conspired the death of this most innocent and much injured child. Be satisfied to know her wrongs are not within the reach of human justice; God will avenge them; God will not permit the violator to escape unpunished. Why should I name him? he is not of us; he was not born of unmixed British blood! he is gone, self-banished, fled, and never will he dare to return amongst us, and

abide the perilous inquisition, that awaits him.

Be patient therefore, my dear countrymen ! stir not a hand in my redress, and reverence the tombs of Penruth Abbey, where sleep the fathers and the heroes of your ancient race : account yourselves rather so far fortunate as you are henceforth rescued from a wretch without humanity, an alien to your nation, one who respects no laws divine or human, so void of honour, so abandoned of all virtue, so surrendered to all villiany, that, when the purity of my child repulsed his guilty passion, he scrupled not to make her mind a ruin, and levelled the defences of her reason in order to accomplish the destruction of her innocence—And now, my friends, you, who are fathers, will dismiss your fears ; he, that has destroyed my peace, cannot

harm you—*My* daughter dies, that *your's* may be in safety.

Here I should end, for he, of whom you all expect to hear, seeks not the praise of men, and modestly requires me to conceal the wondrous bounties, he has heaped upon me : but I cannot obey him ; I will speak his praise, and in the ears of this assembly declare aloud, that to the charity of John, the young De Lancaster, sole heir of his paternal and maternal houses, I owe as much as man can owe to man—a grave for my child, a patron for my cause and an asylum for my age—Heaven's best of blessings light upon his heart !—I have said."



END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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